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Gertrude Whitman

1. Jamaica Literature — Poetry
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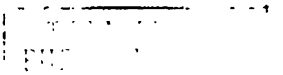

WEE WEE SONGS FOR OUR LITTLE PETS

BY LEILA LEE.

NEW YORK:
OAKLEY, MASON AND CO.,
142 & 144 GRAND STREET.

1872.

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PREFACE.

SHOULD an apology be needed for issuing a book of poetry so very simple as "WEE-WEE SONGS," it may be found in the article entitled "Mother Goose," on page 7th. The desire expressed by Willie's mother,

> "That those who love Jesus
> Would oftener read
> The sweet words he uttered.
> My lambs, ye must feed."

has ever found a warm response in the heart of

LEILA.

WQR 19FEB'36

WEE-WEE SONGS

FOR OUR LITTLE PETS.

MOTHER GOOSE.

"MAMMA," said our Sue,
"You sent me to-day,
Up stairs with the nurse
And Willie to play.

'And I told her I thought
It was wicked and silly,
To say things like these
To our dear little Willy–

"'Oh, hi-diddle,
Diddle,
The cat has the
Fiddle,
The cow has jumped
Over the moon,
The little dog laughed
To see all the sport,
And the dish ran away
With the spoon.'

"Nurse says she has found
The book of great use,
For children are pleased
To hear Mother Goose.

"Now, is it not wrong
To tell them a lie?
If not, I am sure
I cannot see why."

"I think you are right,"
Her mother replied;
"Nurse must try to amuse him
With something beside.

"But babies are pleased
With the jingle of rhyme,
And old Mother Goose
Has been used a long time.

"We must find Wee-Wee Songs,
That are not quite so silly,
And buy them for nurse,
To amuse little Willy.

"We give him, each day,
Fresh milk and sweet bread,
And his dear little mind
Must be properly fed.

"'T is not easy to find
Sweet thoughts, good and true,
In nursery rhymes;
I wish, my dear Sue,

That those who love Jesus
Would oftener read
Those sweet words he uttered,
My lambs ye must feed!*

"For this beautiful world,
So joyous and bright,
Has so many things
Of which poets might write.

"The blue sky above us,
The flowers and the trees,
The warbling of birds,
And the hum of the bees.

"These bright thoughts would give
Our darling great pleasure,
If written in simple,
And sweet-flowing measure.

* Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs.—JOHN xxi.

SLEEP, DOLLY!

Do, Miss Dolly,
Shut your eye;
I will wake you
By and by.

Wee-Wee Songs
I want to read;
You must go
To sleep indeed.

You 're my little
Pet, 't is true,
But I can not
Read to you;

For you never
Seem to hear,
Tho' I read quite
Loud and clear.

Little songs are
Not for you;
Mind, I 've told you
What to do!

So, Miss Dolly
Shut your eye;
I will wake you
By and by.

WAKE, DOLLY!

Wee-Wee Songs
Are put away;
Dolly, wake,
'T is time to play!

You have been
So good to-day
I am sure
You ought to play.

Dolly, now
You must obey;
Wake, I say,
And come and play!

Don't you hear me
When I say,
Dolly, wake,
'T is time to play?

Do you dare
To disobey
When I call,
Come out to play?

Are you deaf,
My pet, to-day?
Then I 'll *lead* you
Out to play.

ELLA AND THE ROSES.

"WHAT beautiful roses! Oh do, dear mamma,
Just pick one or two ere we go;
If the gardener were here he would not refuse
To give us some flowers, I know."

"The gardener 's *not here*," her mother replied;
He asked us to *see* his sweet flowers;
"I trust, my dear child, you would not wish to steal,—
These roses, you know, are not ours.

"Their beautiful fragrance you now can inhale,
Their lovely, bright colors enjoy,
Should you steal but one rose you 'd be happy no more,
You would lose all this innocent joy."

"O no! dear mamma, I should not wish to steal,
So I 'll bid these sweet roses adieu!
Now, Rover," said Ella, "we 're ready to play,
And I will be happy with you."

IDA MAY.

No little girl
More bright and gay,
Or happier
Than Ida May

As she ran off
To school one day,
And passed the store
Of Mr. Gray,

Where, near the door,
Some ripe plums lay,
And Satan whispered,
Ida May—

Take but one plum,
Then run away;
You 'll not be seen
By Mr. Gray.

Oh, had she thought
One prayer to say,
She 'd not have sinned,
Poor Ida May!

She caught one up,
Then ran away,
And was not seen
By Mr. Gray.

Ah, sinful child,
To disobey
The Word of God—
Hear, Ida May!

"Thou shalt not steal!"
Now hear Him say,
And you have stolen
From Mr. Gray.

The voice of God
Will you obey?
It whispers now,
Stop! Ida May,—

'T is not too late,
Go back, you may
Return the plum
To Mr. Gray.

Then lift your heart
To God, and pray,
"Forgive the sin
Of Ida May."

That still, small voice
She did obey,
And ran with haste
To Mr. Gray,

And told him all
Without delay;
The good man pitied
Ida May.

He gently wiped
Her tears away;
And when she left,
Kind Mr. Gray

Said to the child,
"One moment stay—
I 'll *give* some plums
To Ida May."

"I could not eat
A plum to-day!"
Said Ida, then,
To Mr. Gray.

She went to school
And all the way
God saw the heart
Of Ida May

Was sweetly raised
To Him, to pray
That He would wash
Her sins away—

For Jesus' sake.
And God that day,
Freely forgave
Dear Ida May.

THE PEACOCK.

Is it right, Mr. Peacock, to strut about so?
Your plumage is fine 't is allowed;
And had *you* but painted that beautiful tail,
You would then, with some reason, feel proud.

Many bright little flowers, as pretty as you,
Are found in some shady retreat.
Go learn of the rose-buds and violets, too,
Their modesty renders them sweet.

God gave you the plumage we so much admire;
God painted the butterfly's wing;
God deck'd the green fields with flowers so gay,
And taught the dear birds how to sing

Many things in this beautiful world He has made
To look quite as pretty as you;
So please, Mr. Peacock, don't feel quite so proud,
As your gay, brilliant plumage we view!

MINNIE'S FAITHFULNESS.

"BROTHER, may I unpack your trunk?" said little Minnie Bell.
"O yes, my dear; how glad I am to get home safe and well;
I've been in California for more than three long years,
But I'm safely home at last, in spite of mother's fears."

"Yes, Alfred, it has seemed, to dear mamma and me,
A long, long time, and we are glad your happy face to see;

Morning and evening, do you know? when we
knelt down to pray,
Mamma has asked, that God would bless and
guard you while away.

"And God has kindly heard her prayer, and
kept you safe and well."
She worked awhile, — at length, she said,
"Dear Alfred, please to tell
Where you have put your Bible? I 've
unpacked the trunk with care,
And I have laid upon the bed most all the
clothes you wear.

"I 've looked at every article, and yet I have
not seen
A Bible or a Testament; brother, what can it
mean?
I fear that you have been without a Bible all
the way;
Is it in California, or have you lost it,—say?"

"You little chatter-box, do see the presents I
have brought;
This for mamma, and that for you; Why!
really I had thought

The beautiful new dress I bought would please
my sister well;
How do you like this India fan, I ask you,
Minnie Bell?"

"O, it is very beautiful! I thank you, Alfred,
dear;
But yet you have not told me, what most I
wish to hear."
"Well, Minnie," said her brother, "if really
you must know,
When I sailed for California my Bible did not
go.

"I know 't was wrong to leave it out, for
never have I seen
A Bible or a Testament in any place I 've
been;
We did not often think of God when we were
digging gold;
That is the truth; now, Minnie dear, pray do n't
begin to scold."

"Forgotten God for three long years! Alfred,
can this be true?
Dear brother, were you not afraid of God's
forgetting you?"

He took the dear child in his arms, and bursting into tears,
"My conduct has been wrong," he said, "how sinful it appears!"

Just then his mother entered, with her heart quite full of joy
And gratitude to God above, who had kept her darling boy;
She had been alone to thank him, and offer up a prayer
That God who had preserved her son, would keep him in his care.

"Dear mother, will you pray," said he, "and read in God's own Word
That story of the Prodigal, which I have often heard;
For I have wandered far away, but now desire to come
And love and serve that Being who hath safely brought me home?"

Her prayer was heard; and Alfred Bell is now a Christian man,
Serving his God with faithfulness, and doing all he can

That those who go to distant lands, to search
for mines of gold,
May find within God's holy Word a mine of
wealth untold.

THE PULSIFER CHILDREN.

Oh, Mother! said little Ruth Greenwood one
day,
Please come to the window this moment, I pray,
For two little children are here, by the door,
They are weary and cold, and they look very
poor.

The Pulsifer children, I see, said her mother,
'T is dear little Ella, and Harry, her brother
Run, call them in quickly! their mother, I know
Returned to this village a few days ago.

I sent them, this morning, a cart-load of wood,
And fear that they now may be suffering for food;
We 'll fill up their baskets with bread and with meat,
And give the dear children a plenty to eat.

Their mother is proud, and she cannot endure
The neighbors should know they are now very poor;
But since we 've "a will," we must find out "a way,"
To help this poor widow — we must not delay.

Her father 's a drunkard, her husband is dead,
And she is too ill to hold up her head;
The wretched old man now reels thro' the street,
And never provides them a mouthful to ea-

Ruth ran to the door, and called them both in;
Their feet were most naked, their garments were thin,

Too thin to go out in this cold wintry weather;
Here Ruth and her sister both whispered together.

O, yes, sister Mary, those stockings you 've knit,
Just the thing, and so warm! I am sure they will fit;
We 'll make up a bundle, and stow it away
In the baskets they 've left in the entry to-day.

Little Ella and Harry were grateful indeed,
That God had provided such friends in their need;
Their baskets were filled with biscuit and meat,
And warm shoes and stockings to cover their feet.

The Greenwood's oft drew from their plentiful store,
And quietly sent to the poor widow's door
Such things as she needed. Her proud heart was melted;
She welcomed their visits, and soon was contented

To let little Harry and Ella go where
They could hear of the Saviour, and his tender care,
Of dear orphan children — the story, to day,
You may read in a book called "A WILL AND A WAY" *

MORNING SONG AND MORNING PRAYER.

MOTHER.

AWAKE, my daughter, come and see
This Robin red-breast on the tree;
Open your drowsy eyes!
Spring up from bed and see her now,
She 's lighting on the highest bough,
Come quick, before she flies!

LILLIE.

Yes, dear mamma, I see the bird,
And sweeter notes I never heard
Than she is warbling now ·
I hope she will not fly away,
But sit and sing the live-long day,
On this, her favorite bough.

* Vol. iv. "Casket Library." Published by H. V. Degen, 22 Cornhill.

MOTHER.

The birds must build their nests in Spring,
They have to work as well as sing;
To their Creator's praise,
Since early dawn, dear Lillie, she
Has warbled out, from yonder tree,
Her very sweetest lays.

Now tell me, who has kindly kept
My little daughter while she slept;
Who heard her evening prayer,
And gently closed the weary eye,
Nor suffered danger to come nigh,
But kept her in his care?

LILLIE.

I laid me down, mamma, and slept,
Because the Lord sustained and kept
His child thro' all the night;
And now I lift my heart and pray,
O, God, I thank thee for this day,
That I may see its light!

When all my friends were fast asleep,
Thou didst my soul in safety keep,
And took kind care of me;

Father in Heaven, O, hear me now,
As at thy feet I humbly bow,
To ask a gift of thee.
Give me thy spirit from above,
That I may learn to know and love
My best and dearest Friend,—
The Savior, who hath died for me,
That I his little lamb may be,
O Lord thy spirit send!
And now, be with me all the day,
That whether I 'm at work or play,
I may remember, then,
The eye of God is still on me,
Oh, help me thy dear child to be,
For Jesus' sake,—Amen.

PLAY-TIME.

Lillie, put
Your work away,
Now 't is time
To go and play.

You have been
So good to-day,
You 'll be happy
When you play.

BABY'S FIRST STEPS.

Baby, darling,
Do not fear,
Move those little
Feet, my dear;

Don't stand waiting
There so long;
You are growing
Very strong.

Here he comes,
Oh, that 's the way!
Nurse, I know
Mamma will say,

When she comes home, Why, how you talk!
Is baby learning how to walk?

Try again,
Little pet,
You have not
Fallen yet;

Here she comes;
Look, nurse, look!
All alone,
Three steps she took.

When papa
Comes home to-night,
It will give him
Great delight;
And he will say, Why, how you talk!
Are you sure the child can walk?

Nurse, I love
Our baby so,
I must teach her
All I know.

That 's not much,
Papa would say,
He laughs at me
Most every day,

Because I 'm old
Enough to read,
Oh dear! that 's very
Hard indeed.
But, baby, we will not stop to talk,
We are going out doors to teach you to walk.

CONVERSATION UPON ICE.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Come, dear," said Mrs. Jones one day,
To Jane, her little daughter,
"Come, look at this large block of ice,
Now floating in the water!

"You could not lift it from the ground,
If you should try all day,
And yet, like a mere feather, now,
You see it float away."

"Oh, yes, mamma, it does seem strange,
That it should never sink,
Why that large block of ice should float,
I 'm sure I cannot think.

"How very kind it is in God
To freeze the waters so,
That on the top the ice remains
And cannot sink below!

"For, while our winters are so cold,
How short a time 'twould take
To form one solid mass of ice,
In river, pond, or lake!

"And thus, from year to year, mamma,
Winter would ever reign,
For such a mass could never melt
When summer came again.

"But tell me how the ice is formed,
And what can make it float
Upon the surface of the lake,
Just like a little boat?"

"Our Heavenly Father, Jane, has filled
With bubbles full of air,
Each lump of ice—and we may see
His goodness everywhere.

"The air expands within the ice,
Just as its Maker pleases,
And rarifies to make it light,
Whene'er the water freezes.

"Thin cakes thus form in layers, Jane,
As you may often see
One ring within another, round
The body of a tree,

"And thus 't is piled from week to week,
While Jack Frost is about,
Until the men with horses come,
To float the treasure out."

"And what a luxury, mamma,
These large ice blocks will be
When summer comes, and we again
Such sultry weather see!

"Last August, I remember well,
When I came home from school,
How good the water used to taste,
With ice to make it cool.

"And then, you know, we used to have
Our butter hard and nice,
Our cake kept cool, and fish, and meat,
Preserved with lumps of ice."

"Yes, dearest, God is ever kind—
How constant is his care!
He gives not only food and drink,
And clothes for us to wear,—

"But happy homes with luxuries filled,
And this bright world of ours
Is stored with precious gifts of love,
Abundant fruits and flowers,

"To gratify the taste of man,
And fill his heart with joy;
Then, should not grateful thoughts of God
Each passing hour employ?"

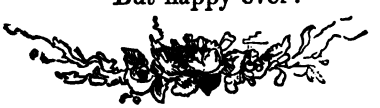
"Yes, dear mamma, for warbling birds
Send up their sweetest lays,
To thank Him for his gifts of love,
And we should offer praise

"To the great God, our dearest friend,
Who lives and reigns above;
Will you not pray to Him, mamma,
To fill my heart with love?"

HAPPY DOLLY.

HAPPY at night,
Happy by day;
Happy at home,
Happy away!

Dolly darling,
Never, never,
Are you cross,
But happy ever!



EDDIE IN THE COUNTRY.

"I 'm sure 't is too pleasant this beautiful day
To sit here so quietly playing,
Come, Lillie, let 's be off to the mountain away.
And see where the sheep are now straying!"

So said little Eddie, and ran with great joy,
To ask if his cousin could go;
But tho' his aunt wished to oblige the dear boy,
She still was compelled to say no.

"I have given my daughter a lesson to learn,
Then follows a half hour's sewing;
Should this be well done, then with pleasure she'll earn,
And I shall not object to her going.

"You remember, last evening, she promised papa,
His handkerchief neatly to sew,
I have fitted her work, when 't is done," said mamma,
" And the lesson is learned, she may go.

" I can work after dinner," said Lillie, " do please
Just *for once* to grant Eddie's request."
" My dear," said her mother, " 't is no use to teaze,
After work, not before, you may rest."

Lillie took up her book, with a tear in her eye,
She could scarce see a word that was in it;
But Eddie declared 't was of no use to cry,
And she thought so herself in a minute.

Resolving to try, and do all in her power,
To make of each duty a pleasure,
She conquered; and said to mamma, " in an hour,
Please hear me recite, if you 've leisure!"

Her mother looked pleased, as she said, " how is this,
Papa's handkerchief hemmed and all ready?
Well done, my dear child! Now give me a kiss,
Then run out and find cousin Eddie."

BIBLE SOLD BY WEIGHT.

PLEASE put the Bible in one scale, the papers
in the other;
'T is mine? 't is mine! dear Willie cried, and
ran to tell his mother.
His little heart was full of joy as he ran home
again;
How he obtained the Bible, young reader, we 'll
explain.

He went to buy his mother, at noon, a pound
of tea,
And, when the grocer weighed it out, the
child observed that he
Turned round to tear a Bible that on the
counter lay,
He had bought it for waste paper, he said that
very day.

He was almost out of paper to wrap his parcels
in.
Now the grocer could not read, and knew not
what a sin
It was to tear this Holy Book and take each
well-worn leaf
To use for such a purpose; but when he saw
the grief

Of his little favorite, Willie, he kindly said, I 'm sure
I 'll give you the old volume if some papers you 'll procure,
As much as this great book will weigh—you see it is not light,—
Run home and see what you can find, and bring them before night.

The boy was very poor, indeed, but he was good and kind,
And when he went among his friends, it was not hard to find
Those who approved of Willie's care of God's most Holy Word,
They gladly gave the papers when the story they had heard.

An hour had scarcely passed, when the grocer saw, with pleasure,
The little boy returning to claim the promised treasure.
He placed the Bible in one scale, the papers in the other.
Oh, thank you, sir! 't is mine! he cried, and ran to tell his mother.

How happy was that mother; God's Word was her delight
A light unto her path by day,—a guiding star at night;
She raised her heart in thankfulness, that he had learned to prize
His precious Bible, and had gained a treasure in the skies.

OH, SPARE THE BIRDS.

SPARE the dear little birds, don't kill them I pray!
But listen, and hear their sweet song;
To spoil all our music, and shoot them to-day,
Oh, sportsmen, you know 't would be wrong!

At dawn of the day, they are warbling away,
But they never have done the least harm;
The summer 's most gone, they 've a short time to stay—
They will soon fly away from our farm.

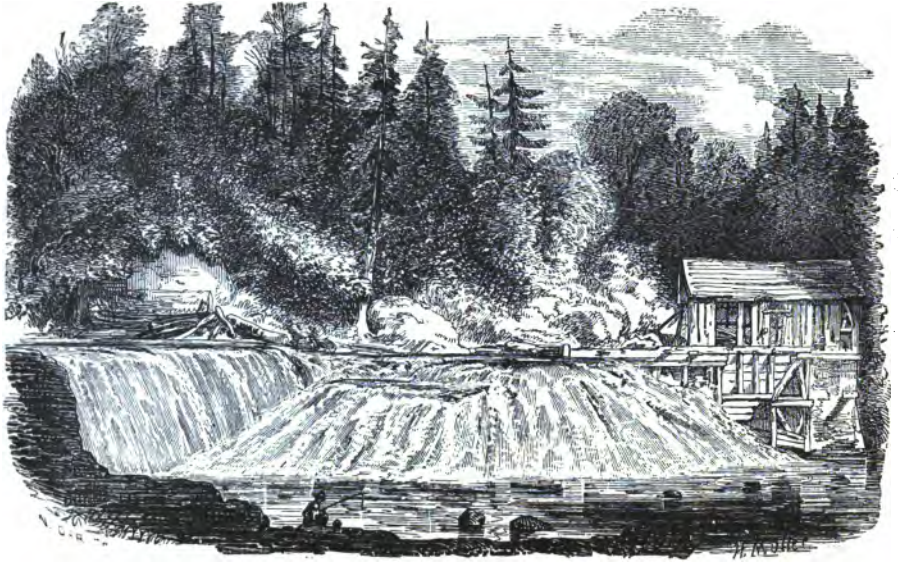
To the bright sunny South, they then will repair,
In autumn they flock off together;
Our Father in Heaven with kind, watchful care,
Then guides them in search of warm weather.

I 'm sure 't will displease Him, if merely for sport
You shoot these sweet songsters to-day;
Remember, kind sportsmen, their life is but short;
Oh, spare them, in pity, I pray!

CROSS GIRL.

JANE, my dear,
How can you be
Cross to little
Emily!

When she 's such
A darling child;
Always gentle,
Meek and mild.



TRENTON FALLS.

See Frontispiece and other views of Trenton Falls.

CASCADES roaring
In their might, —
Waters pouring
From the height, —

Wildly bounding
On their way, —
Loud resounding,
Seem to say, —

See us toiling,
As we glide; —
Hear us boiling,
Far and wide.

We are living,
Not in vain, —
We are giving
Back again

Plenteous rain-drops
To the sun,
As it cheers us
While we run.

Rising, leaping,
Over hills, —

We are keeping
Yonder mills

Swiftly going
Round and round;
Onward flowing,
We are found.

Useful ever,
As we go;
Silent never.
Do you know

We are teaching
You to-day;
Hear our preaching.
Children, stay!

Learn a lesson
Of the river;
Yield your hearts
To God, their giver.

Ever raising
Grateful praise,
Loving, serving,
All your days.

PAPA'S REQUEST.

WRITE very often, children, —
Write papa very soon;
Your letters will be dearer
Than loviest flowers in June;
For papa will be absent
Throughout the long, long year.
Write to him very often
What he will wish to hear.

That Fred. and sister Bessie
Are learning with their might,
And little Nell and Jessie
Are doing what is right.
Dear children, help each other,
At morning, noon, and night,
And then your happy mother
Will find it sweet to write.

Write papa very often, —
Write in the early morn,
Or write him just at twilight,
When all the day is gone;
Draw out the pretty table,
Mamma will bring a light,
And help the older children
To gather round and write.

Write of the loving kindness
Of that dear Friend above,
To whom, in papa's absence,
He would lead your hearts in love.
Think of Him in the morning,
And think of Him at night,
And of his acts of kindness
Do not forget to write.

Write very often, dear ones,—
Write papa very soon,
Your letters will be dearer
Than lovliest flowers in June.
If, while papa is absent,
You 'd fill him with delight,
Think of him very often,
And don't forget to write.

JANE'S QUESTION.

"Mamma," said Jane, "what will you do
When you have read your Bible through?
You read so carefully each part,
I think you 'll know it all by heart."

Her mother smiled and said, "Why, then
I mean to read it through again;
And hope my daughter soon will be
Able to read God's Book with me."

"Yes, dear mamma, I soon shall read,
I 'm learning very fast, indeed;
And I should gladly leave my play
For Bible stories any day.

"But, then, you know, to me they 're new;
Now, when I 've read a book twice through,
I 'm tired of it, and want another,—
Why do you not feel so, dear mother?"

"Indeed, my love, I often do
Tire of some books as quick as you;
I should not even read them twice,
Once reading will for me suffice.

"But we may read, and read again,
These sweet words of our Father, Jane,
From youth to age, and as we come
Nearer and nearer to our home—

"Our happy home in heaven above,
This Book we more and more shall love;
Sweeter than honey, and more dear
Than precious gems, 't will then appear.

"May God his grace to you impart,
And write these truths upon your heart.
Now, darling, put your work away,
'T is time for you to run and play,—
We 'll talk of this some other day."

JOHN MASON AND HIS SLED

"O, how I wish we owned a sleigh,"
Said Susie to her mother;
"I want to go to school to-day,
With Nellie and my brother!"

Her mother sighed, and said, "My dear,
Your sister cannot go;
They have not made a path, I fear,
Since this great fall of snow."

Here James ran in with joy, and said,
"Dear mother, come and see;
John Mason's here with his new sled,
He offers it to me

"To take our Nell to school to-day;
I am to be the horse;
Please wrap her up without delay,
You 'll let her go, of course!"

"And Susie, too," John Mason cried,
"I 'll take her on my back;
Nell and the dinner, both can ride,—
John, follow in my track!"

The mother's heart was filled with joy,
She watched them from the door,
A happy group! And that dear boy
Who thought upon the poor,

Think you, he was not happy, too,
When he went home at night!
If you would hear the story through,
Read "RIGHT, AND ABOUT RIGHT." *

RIDE TO SCHOOL IN WINTER.

"WE are ready;
Let us go
Swiftly over
Ice and snow;
Nell and Susie,
Side by side,
You shall have
A glorious ride!"
See the happy children go
Smoothly o'er the ice and snow!

"Clasp your arms
Around me tight;
Hold on, Susie,
That is right;—
Nellie, keep
The basket still
When we dash
Down yonder hill!"

* Vol. I. "Casket Library." Published by H. V. Degen, 22 Cornhill.

Thus the happy children go
Briskly o'er the ice and snow.

"Wintry weather
Cannot harm us,
Nor Jack Frost
E'er alarm us;
How exciting!
Onward move,
Hearts uniting
Thus in love."
Merrily singing, on they go
Quickly o'er the ice and snow.

"Oh, we love
This bracing air,
Though the snow
Is everywhere;
Fingers cold?
Never mind it.
There 's a fire,
We shall find it,
When we reach the school, you know,
Over the ice and over the snow.

"Now we toil
Up the hill,

Wear-i-ly,
But upward still,
Soon the height
We shall gain,
Pull the sled
With might and main."
Struggling, toiling, up they go
Wearily over the ice and snow!

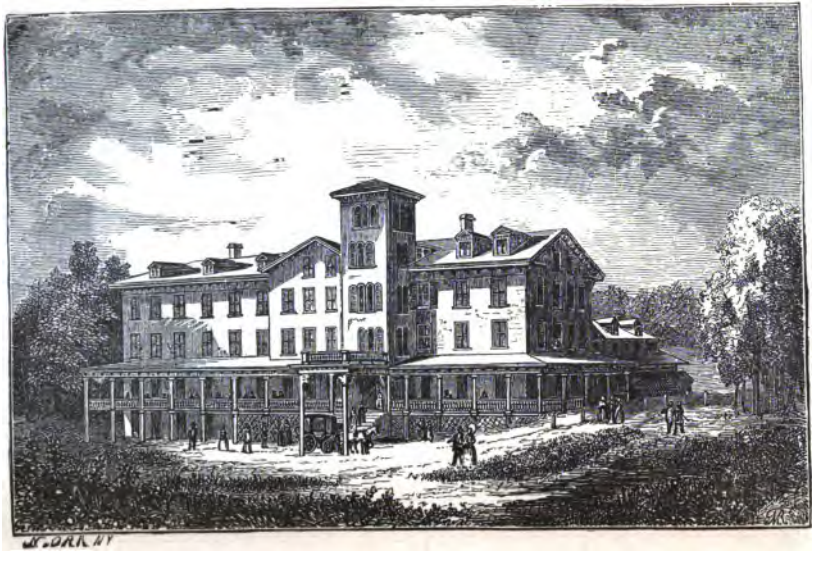
Then along
The level ground,
On they go
With a bound;
Merry shouts
Everywhere
Ringing through
The frosty air;
See the happy children go
Smoothly o'er the ice and snow!

See! they 're dashing
Down the hill,
Boys are calling,
"Nell, be still!"
Teeth are chattering
In her head,

Dishes rattling
On the sled;
Girls are frightened though they go
Safely o'er the ice and snow.

Now they near
The school-house door—
There 's the pond
All frozen o'er;
Hear the happy
Children singing,
Through the air
Their voices ringing;
Sliding, skating, merrily, oh!
Swiftly over the ice and snow!

Nell and Sue
Have found a seat,
And have warmed
Their hands and feet;
When the bell
Rings loud and clear,
Leave your sports
Children dear!
Quickly into the school they go,
Merrily leaving the ice and snow.



THE KIND BROTHER.

Coach is tackled;
Sister, run,
Put your gloves
And bonnet on!
It is about
A week ago,
We were promised,
Sis, you know,
Were we good,
We should to-day
Take the coach
And ride away.
Cousins now
Are all at home;
Glad they 'll be
To see us come.
Oh, how pleasant
'Tis to ride,
All along
The river side!
Sister, come,
Do not delay,
'Tis quite time
To start away.

Now you 'r crying!
Are 'nt you well?
What 's the matter?
Mary, tell?

THE FIRST LIE.

Brother, do not
Ask me why!
Yet, you 'll hear,—
I 've told a lie!

And here, shut up,
I 'm doomed to stay,
And weep and mourn
The livelong day!

Dear Harry I 'm
Afraid that you
And Harriet,
Will hate me too.

For, since I 've told
This lie, mamma
Do n't speak to me,
Nor does papa.

Not once upon me
Have they smiled,
Since I was such
A wicked child.

Oh, they will hate me,
I 'm afraid,
And God, who heard
The words I said,
Will shut all liars
Out of heaven;
Oh, can I ever
Be forgiven?

HARRY.

Dear sister, I
Will tell mamma
How bad you feel,
And ask papa
This evening, when
We kneel to pray,
To ask that God
May wash away
Your sins, and help you,
Every day,
To speak the truth
Whate'er you say.
But first, I 'll send
The coach away
I do not wish
To ride to-day.

GRANITE HILLS IN WINTER.

THESE hills, so magnificent, lofty, and great!
The boast of New Hampshire — the Old Granite State!
I have seen them, dear children, and much I admire
These beautiful hills in their wintry attire.

The Ice King has laid his cold hand on the rills,
They cannot now playfully leap down the hills;
Snowy mountain and valley alike are made hoary;
Jack Frost reigns triumphant, alone in his glory.

One sees, now and then, a lonely snow-bird,
But old Robin red-breast no longer is heard
Warbling out a glad song to the praise of her Maker,
She has gone where the Ice King cannot overtake her.

Who guides the dear birds, that they never get lost
When seeking a home to escape from the frost?
Our Father in Heaven — he guides them aright,
Till away in the bright, sunny South they alight.

So long as these lofty old hills shall remain,
And spring shall renew their bright verdure again,
Our loving, kind Father shall still fondly care
For the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

Not a robin or sparrow can fall to the ground;
Not a raven may cry but he heareth the sound.
Then will not "Our Father in Heaven" be nigh,
And bless us, dear children, when we, too, shall cry?

Oh, yes! Are ye not of more value than they?
In accents most tender, we hear Jesus say;
And I 'm sure, if God takes such kind care of a bird,
Our prayers, if sincere, cannot fail to be heard.

THE LAKE—ISLES—NOTCH—WHITE MOUNTAINS, ETC.

If a map of the Old Granite State you will take,
Near the borders of Maine you will find that large lake,
The Winnipisogee, — so lovely to view
Embosoming islands most beautiful, too.

In number they equal the days of the year;
And when summer comes no islands appear
More lovely in verdure and beauty than these,
With rich, fruitful fields, and beautiful trees —
So vocal with birds, warbling out their sweet lays,
As if they were chanting their Maker's praise,
Could you *then* view the lake, dear children, the sight
Would fill your young hearts with the greatest delight.

Another famed spot is a narrow defile,
Where the mountain seems split for more than a mile,
And a picturesque landscape around you is spread,
With the White Mountains hanging just over your head.

This Notch is so wonderful, travellers agree,
It repays one to come a long distance to see;
Amid Alpine heights such views may abound,
But in our own country they seldom are found.

American Switzerland! Such is the name
We give to the Old Granite State for the fame
Of its islands and lakes, its cascades and fountains,
And the bold, lofty peaks of the snowy White Mountains.

SHUN THE SWEARER.

Run home, little boy!
Oh, do not stand there,
To hear that bad man
So wickedly swear.

WHAT a sight
We descry
When the Falls
Meet our eye!

THE TELL-TALE.

EMMA, I 'm sorry to observe
A trick you have, my dear,
Of listening to whate'er is said,
And telling all you hear.

I knew a little Judith Shove,
Who had this habit, too;
She was an active, sprightly girl,
About as old as you.

But what was said and done at home
She always minded well,
And, when she went abroad, the whole
She would be sure to tell.

People were cautious what they said
Where'er she chanced to come,
For well they knew that every word
Would straight be carried home.

The teacher who instructed her,
Had made this wholesome rule,
To punish every child who told
Of what was done in school.

But Judith loved to talk so well,
No rule could hold her long;
She could not bear to be restrained,
Nor learn to hold her tongue.

One day a scholar misbehaved,
This made the teacher fret,
And Judith told the whole affair
To every one she met.

But, when the active school-dame heard
Her laws were disobeyed,
To find the naughty tell-tale child,
A search she quickly made.

Judith well knew the fault was hers,
And greatly did she fear
To take the threatened punishment
Which she deserved to bear.

So, on her little sister she
Contrived the blame to lay,
And said she heard her tell the tale
At home that very day.

The little, frightened, trembling child
With truth the charge denied;
But Judith said, before the school,
That little Sallie lied.

And so she bore what would have been
The wicked Judith's due, —
The punishment for telling tales,
And speaking falsely, too.

Weeping and sobbing she went home,
Her little heart was full;
And Sallie was a child of truth,
So they believed the whole.

Papa made Judith go to school,
And there, before them all,
Own how deceitful she had been;
Then on her knees to fall

Before the dame and Sallie, too,
Their pardon to obtain,
And promise she would never do
So wickedly again.

But ever after, let her go
Abroad where'er she would,
The boys would hoot her as she passed,
And call her—Tattling Jude!

THE STOLEN PENKNIFE.

"HARRY, darling, what 's the matter;
Have you hurt yourself, my boy?
When I went away, this morning,
That bright face was full of joy."

"Oh, papa," said Harry, sobbing,
"I do think it is a shame,
My new knife is gone—he stole it,
And I do not know his name."

"Your new knife! Who stole it, Harry?"
"That big boy, papa, who brought
Shavings here to sell, this morning;
Oh I wish he could be caught.

"I was standing on the sidewalk,
Whittling with my knife to-day,

When he came, and asked to see it,
Then he turned and ran away."

"Wicked boy! I think I know him;
'T was a naughty thing to do;
I will bring you home another,
Like the one he stole from you.

"That poor boy has no kind parents,
Nor a bright and happy home;
Wicked children are his playmates,
Through the streets he loves to roam.

"There he learns to be so sinful,
Lying, stealing, every day;
He has no kind friends to teach him,
Morn and evening, how to pray.

"Should you not be thankful, darling,
God has been so good to you;
Given you friends so kind and loving,
Taught you what you ought to do?

"Learn, my son, a useful lesson
From this wretched boy to-day, —
Never choose a bad companion
When you 're in the streets at play.

CROSS GIRL.

MOTHER.

My dear Amelia, I 'm ashamed
To hear you quarrel so;
Leave off these naughty airs, my child,
Go play with Frances, — go!

AMELIA.

I can't, mamma, the little minx
May play with whom she can;
And while she lives she shall not have
My waxen doll again.

With any other little girl
I should be glad to play;
But I don't love our Frances, Ma,
I wish she 'd go away.

MOTHER.

Amelia, little Betsy Smith
Spends all her time alone;
She had a little sister once,
But now she 's dead and gone.

Betsy, like you, was very cross,
And when she used to play
With pretty little Emeline,
She 'd quarrel every day.

One time her sister said to her,
"Don't, Betsy, be so cross;
Indeed, I am not well to-day,
And fear I shall be worse."

"Not well! Oh, yes, you 're very sick!
I do n't believe it 's true;
You only want to coax Mamma
To get nice things for you."

But Emeline grew worse and worse,
Till she could hardly speak;
And when the doctor came he said,
She would not live a week.

And then it rushed on Betsy's mind,
How wicked she had been;
The cruel treatment of the child
She never felt till then.

Over her sister's bed she hung,
With many a bitter sigh,
And laid her arms about her neck,
And begged her not to die.

"Forgive me, Emeline, or else
I do not wish to live;
Oh speak, dear sister, speak once more,
And say you will forgive!

The poor, dear, suffering, dying child
Just raised her languid eye,
And moved her lips, and tried to say,
Dear Betsey, do not cry!

Then Betsey' s sorrowing mother tried
To take her from the bed,
She cast her weeping eyes behind,
And Emeline was dead.

And now poor little Betsey sits,
Day after day, alone;
She does not wish to laugh or play
Since Emeline is gone.

AMELIA.

Mamma, now see I am not cross;
Come, Fanny, let us play!
And you shall have my waxen doll,
And keep it every day.

THE FIRST THEFT.

MOTHER.

EDWARD, come here, how pale you are!
What makes you look so wild?
And you 've been crying sadly, too!
What 's happened to my child?

EDWARD.

You know, mamma, you sent me down
To Mr. Brightman's shop,
With ninepence in my hand to buy
A little humming-top.

Well, Mr. Brightman handed down
A dozen tops or more,
That I might take my choice of one,
Then stepped towards the door.

And so I caught one slily up,
And in my pocket hid it,
No one could e'er suspect the thing,
So cunningly I did it.

Then I took out another top,
And laid my ninepence down,
Laughing to think I owned them both,
But paid for only one.

But, when I turned and left the shop,
I felt most dreadfully;
For all the while I was afraid
That he would follow me.

Oh sure, thought I, he 'll find it out,
The angry man will come,
And I shall never see mamma,
And never more go home.

They 'll tie a rope about my neck,
They 'll hang me up on high,
And leave the little, wicked thief
To hang there till he die.

Away I ran, in this sad fright,
Fast down the nearest lane;
And then I stopped and looked behind,
Then screamed, and ran again.

Trembling, at last I reached my home,
And straight I went to bed,—
But, oh! in such a shocking plight
That I was almost dead.

No rest nor comfort could I take,
And not a wink of sleep;
All I could do was toss and turn
From side to side and weep.

But what was worst of all, mamma,
I could not say my prayers;
And then I thought my heart would burst,
For I was drowned in tears.

For sure, I cried, God will not hear
A child so wicked pray;
I dare not hope he 'll let me live
To see another day.

Thus did I weep till morning dawned,
And yet found no relief;
For, oh! what comfort can there be
For such a wicked thief?

MOTHER.

Go, my poor, wretched, guilty child,
  Go, take the top you stole
And give it to the man you wronged,
  And own to him the whole.

Then, on your knees before your God,
  Confess how vile you 've been;
Beg him to pardon and forgive
  This great and dreadful sin.

And never while you live, again
  To such a deed consent,
Lest God should take away your life
  Before you could repent.

DOLLY'S NAME.

My Dolly's name,—
  What shall it be?
I want a pretty one,
  Let 's see;—

There 's Bessie, Jessie,
  Bell, and Nell;
Well, I think
  I 'll call her Bell!

J. KUMMER DEL.
N. ORR SC. N.Y.

COOKING, IN OLD TIMES.

No little girl or boy hath guessed
The process or the art
By which the early Indians dressed
And cut their meat apart;
Since neither knife, nor spoon, nor fork,
Had they to aid them in their work.

A piece of flint or sharpened shell,
The place of knife supplied,
And answered every purpose well,
To free it from the hide, —
To clear the entrails, scrape the hair,
And make the carcass clean and fair.

Then in the earth a pit was made,
To hold the fish or game,
There, stones at sides and bottom laid,
An oven it became;
No better did their wants require,
And here they lighted up a fire.

From this, when gained sufficient heat,
The glowing coals were dug,
And here the squaw laid in her meat,
With leaves encompassed snug;
With heated stones 't was covered up
Till time to breakfast, dine, or sup.

And how, without a pot to boil,
Was taught by Indian wit;
A stone was sought, and mighty toil
A hollow made in it;
And water got its warmth alone,
From heated pebbles in it thrown.

Then other pebbles, burning hot,
Kept up the boiling heat,
And in this strangely-fashioned pot
Was placed the hunter's meat;
Not over nice, but then, I 'm sure,
The Indian was no epicure.

Fresh fish, well broiled on embers red,
The Indians often saw;
And shell-fish, from their rocky bed,
Were eaten roast or raw.
Thus the Good Spirit kindly gave
His bounteous store to Indian brave.

SUCCOTASH.

Though many viands Indians prized—
If served to people civilized,
Would cause disdainful smile;
Yet one nice dish of times by-gone,
The succotash, or beans and corn,
When cooked in Indian style,

To some, is thought a greater treat
Than all the choicest joints of meat
An epicure might choose;
Poultry and game may both abound
Where this delicious dish is found,
I would all else refuse.

Give me no fish, nor barbecue;
Pâté-de-foìs, and oysters, too,
Salads and sauces rich,
May tempt an epicure to roam,
But I had rather dine at home,
On this, my favorite dish.

In early days, the bell would sound,
Then olive plants would gather round,
As fast as they were able,
As soon as beans and corn were seen
Within the goodly-sized tureen,
In centre of the table.

We oft recall those happy times,
'Mid varied scenes, in distant climes,
And memory lingers round,
And brings to our enraptured view
That blessed home — the garden, too,
Where beans and corn abound.

And beans and corn do still abound,
And succotash is often found
Within our early home;
With grateful hearts to God above,
We often gather there in love
Too soon again to roam.

CLOSE OF THE DAY.

'Tis twilight, and the glorious sun
Hath left his place on high;
And evening shadows have begun
To steal along the sky.

The swallow leaves the fields of air,
The busy bee the flower;
And farmers hasten home to share
The quiet of the hour.

Tho' small in size, the cricket tries
His voice so shrill and strong,
And many a frog, from pond and bog,
Sends forth its croaking song.

Now we will call the children dear
To rest their wearied limbs,
And, as the time for bed draws near,
We 'll hear their evening hymns.

And then, Aunt Avis must not fail
To bring her stock of verse,
For in sweet rhyme a pleasant tale
She can for us rehearse.

And often, at the close of day,
We 'll think of this kind friend,
And ask for some instructive lay,
Which she has sweetly penned.

How pleasant it seems
To hear mamma say,
You 've been very good,
My darling, to-day.

WONDERFUL INSTINCT OF THE ANT.

We visit an ant-hill, dear children, to-day.
Come, witness the instinct these creatures display;
"Consider their ways and be wise;"
Thus spoke a wise king, in the Proverbs, you know,
And though we 're no sluggards, I think if we go
We 'll find a rich feast for our eyes.

One square foot of earth, though to us very small,
To the ant is a kingdom. Each house has a hall,
With chambers and passages lined;
And thousands of homes in one square foot of ground,
With swarms of these insects are frequently found,
And such a one now we will find.

The ants' mode of building we first will explain —
The earth being moistened with dew or with rain,
Large swarms of these insects will meet;

Each one takes a grain that you scarcely could see,
And kneads it and moulds it as nice as can be,
Then pats it down smooth with its feet.

These diligent builders thus work at their trade,
Till hundreds and thousands of houses are made
Beneath all these little mud balls;
In these tiny ant-hills we see above ground
Small buildings of full twenty stories are found,
Supported by pillars and walls.

What wonderful instinct these creatures display
In the care of their young on a damp rainy day,
As they run from one room to another!
And up stairs and down stairs they hasten again,
As each little ant, to be kept from the rain,
Must be carried up stairs by its mother.

When the clouds are dispersed, again they must run,
These delicate ants could not bear the hot sun;
And their mothers immediately go
To move their dear children a few stories lower,

And find them a room upon the ground floor,
And give them their supper below.

Who teaches the ant her food to prepare,
And store it in cells with such diligent care,
That she all their wants may supply?
'T is God, my dear child; he provides for them all,
And each little insect, though ever so small,
Is still in the reach of his eye.

The same tender parent who watches o'er you,
Has guided the ant the whole summer through,
And taught her her food to prepare;
And when wintry frosts have quite covered the ground,
The ant with her family safely is found,
Still guarded and kept by his care.

LITTLE EDDIE.

THE roving eye might vainly seek
A fairer to behold,
Than little Eddie's rosy cheek,
When he was eight years old.

And those who love a merry glance,
No brighter eye had seen,

Nor lighter limb to skip and dance,
In meadow or in green.

But Edward's charms of better kind,
With more delight I praise,
For sweet and gentle was his mind,
And pleasant all his ways.

No angry passions, fierce and wild,
No evil thought or plan,
Had place in this beloved child,
Throughout his little span.

In health and strength he grew, till came
His ninth revolving year,
Then sickness seized his little frame,
And suffering most severe.

For many a month upon his bed,
His feverish hands were laid,
Nor could he raise his aching head
Without his mother's aid.

Yet patient lay the little boy,
And no repining word,
Or fretful wish for other's joy,
From Edward's lip was heard.

Though gentle summer came and strewed
Fresh beauties o'er the earth,
He went not to the field or wood
To share his playmates' mirth.

Though winter, from the frozen north,
Brought ice and snow along,
Yet little Edward went not forth
To join the merry throng.

The rose departed from his cheek,
The brightness from his eye,
And then his spirit fled to seek
Its Father in the sky;

Who, in his love, from pain and strife
Such little ones doth take,
And give them endless light and life,
For our Redeemer's sake.

His body to the earth was given,
And rests beneath the sod,
But Eddie's spirit went to heaven,
To join in praising God.

Long will his many friends approve
His manners, sweet and mild,
And tell his innocence and love
To many a listening child.

His mother's heart the sad, the sweet
Remembrance doth employ,
And full her trust in heaven to meet
Her blessed little boy.

FAITHFUL FIDO.

An emblem of faithfulness
Here you behold,
As Fido is carefully
Guarding the gold.

How eager he watches
For danger around;
So, true to your trust,
May you ever be found!

LITTLE MARY AND HER WICKED FATHER.

"WHAT shall I do? What shall I do?" the wicked father said,
As in agony of spirit he rose up from his bed,
And earnestly entreated his wife to kneel and pray;
Alas! dear Mary's mother had ne'er been taught the way.

"I cannot pray, dear husband," the trembling wife replied.
"Oh, then, what can I do?" in bitterness he cried.
'Perhaps," she said, "our Mary has learned to say her prayers,
She seems so good and holy." He hastened up the stairs

Where slept that young disciple, a child of seven years;
Her father gently woke her, then, bursting into tears,
He said, "O, can you pray, my child; has Jesus taught you how?
And will you try to pray for your poor father, now?"

She knelt, put up her little hands, "Our Father up in heaven,"
She sweetly said, "for Jesus' sake, let father be forgiven;
Have mercy, blessed Savior, wash all his sins away,
And send thy Holy Spirit to teach him how to pray."

That father rose in penitence, sweet thoughts within him stirred,
A yearning, warm desire to hear from God's own Word
Those precious truths she thus had lisped in accents sweet and mild;
He placed the Bible in her hand; "Take this and read my child."

She read the holy Book, and, at that midnight hour,
God sent his blessed Spirit to seal it home with power;
Those sweet words of the loving John, that "all who look may live,"*
He heard, and said, "Dear Mary, can Jesus now forgive?"

* John iii: 14, 15.

"Oh listen, father! 'God *so* loved,' he sent his only Son,
And all who now believe on that dear, blessed One,
The Lamb of God, shall never die, shall have their sins forgiven,
And he will take them home at last, to dwell with him in heaven."

"That is for me!" he cried; "for sinners just like me;
I will look up to Jesus now, — Savior, I come to thee;
I hear those blessed words, 'Come unto me and live;'
I can believe, — I do believe! Dear Jesus now forgive."

Yes, look to Christ, believing one, he whispers now you may.
He heard, and went, from that glad hour, rejoicing on his way.

SALLIE M——.

I KNEW a lass, but quite too long
Was her whole name to weave in song,
But, lest a change she should condemn,
We 'll only call her Sarah M——.

Now, from her youth, this damsel's mind
Was most industriously inclined;
No little girl could sew, or hem,
Or stitch, or mend, like Sarah M——.

Her father had not wealth to spare,
And many children claimed his care,
So little Sarah early learned,
That her own living must be earned.

Yet no complaining Sallie made,
That she must work while others played,

But set about with right good will,
The task her fingers should fulfil.

Though aching head and weary sight
Were sometimes hers, her heart was light,
And equal was her well-earned store,
For clothes to wear, and even more.

Thus, while from day to day she drew
Her ready needle through and through,
She gained far more than worldly pelf,
She learned to commune with herself.

And this communion, deep and still,
Soon led her heart to know its ill,
And ask her Maker to impart,
For Jesus' sake, a holy heart.

Now, had she spent in early days,
Her time in idleness and plays,
At work repining, sought her joys
With careless girls and idle boys —

Her after years had never known
The independence now her own;
Perhaps those wasted hours had even
Dispelled the thoughts which turned to heaven.

But care and industry are found,
With heaven and earth's best blessing crown'd
And those who truly value them,
Should early do like Sarah M——.

THE PROUD GIRL.

JANE.

WHAT makes you wear that muslin dress,
And such a strong, coarse leather shoe,
With cotton stockings, cambric gloves,
And such a coarse straw bonnet, too?

See here! my shoes are real kid;
Just look at them — see how they shine;
My stocking 's silk, my bonnet 's new,
And only see the straw, how fine!

Why, I should fret myself to death,
If I were dressed as mean as you;
I always cry and tease mamma
For everything I see that 's new.

MARY.

What! cry and tease your dear mamma
For finery? That would not I;

I would not grieve her for the world,
And she would grieve to see me cry.

She gives me everything she can,
And that is everything I want;
And I should be a wicked child,
To ask for more than she could grant.

But, Jane, from what you say yourself,
You 're never happy, and your pride
Is such, that, with this finery,
You never are quite satisfied.

JANE.

But what if there should be a ball,
And you should have a chance to go,
Where every one is richly dressed,
Would you appear among them so?

MARY.

A ball! I never went to one;
I do not care for scenes so gay;
But with the birds and trees and flowers,
I can be happy any day.

When dear papa comes home at night,
I 'm joyous as a little bird,
For, after tea, he always tells
Something amusing he has heard.

You ought to see our pleasant home,
Dear Jennie, then you would not say,
That I, from this dear, happy group,
Could often wish to be away.

Sometimes, he brings us home a book,
Then, after supper, down we sit,
He reads to us, while dear mamma
Takes out her work to sew or knit.

Then he will read some wondrous tale,
How mighty nations rose and fell,
And sometimes lay aside the book,
And some amusing story tell.

How some have climbed the highest hill,
And yet have murmur'd all the way,
While others walk along the vale,
As pleasant as a summer's day.

"My children," he will often say,
"You know I cannot give you wealth;
But you have riches dearer far,
And these are innocence and health.

"While thus you live in peace and love,
Contented with the blessings given,
And grateful to your God, I trust
He 'll fit you for the joys of heaven."

Then, ere we go to bed at night,
We kneel together while he prays
That God would fill our hearts with love,
And help us serve him all our days.

But see! while I stand talking here,
The cars are in — papa has come!
Now you may go and dance at balls,
But I 'll enjoy myself at home.

WILLIE'S FEARS.

PART I.

WILLIE was nicely tucked in bed
One cold December night,
When he began to scream "Mamma,
Come quick, and bring a light!

"Oh, I 'm so frightened, dear mamma;
What is that noise? Do hark!
Please do not take the candle off
And leave me in the dark."

"I hear no noise," his mother said;
"What makes my boy so silly?
And what good can the candle do,
My darling little Willie?

"Who did you ask to care for you,
When you knelt down to pray,
Before I put you into bed,
And took the light away?

"Remember, love, you prayed to God,
And all the long night through,
He will keep watch around your bed,
And take good care of you.

"What could it be, my little son,
That gave you such a fright?
When you are safe in bed, you know,
I always take the light."

"I know you do, but Biddie told
A story yesterday
That frightened me; please, dear mamma
Don't take the light away."

"I 'll leave the light with you to-night;
Since Biddie was so silly;
Now think, my dear, your Father 's near,
To guard his little Willie."

WILLIE'S FEARS.

PART II.

MOTHER.

Come, Willie, and tell me, my dear,
What made you so foolish, last night;
I am waiting this morning to hear
The cause of your terrible fright.

WILLIE.

Biddie said that a wolf would come out
And catch me if I was not good;
That is what I was thinking about
When I screamed just as loud as I could.

MOTHER.

And where would a wolf come from, pray;
Biddy could not find one, should she try.
'T was a wicked thing for her to say, —
She knew she was telling a lie.

Examine your chamber, my dear;
Look carefully round before night,
And if you can find a wolf here,
I will certainly leave you a light.

WILLIE.

Mamma, you are laughing at me,
There 's no wolf anywhere to be found;
I know there is nothing to see
If I take all the day to look round.

MOTHER.

Then I hope you will not be afraid;
Now tell me, my son, if you 're able,
Of what mamma's candles are made,
You see one stand there on the table.

WILLIE.

Of tallow and cotton, mamma;
The candles are run in a mould.
I went up one day with papa
To the factory where they are sold.

MOTHER.

Can tallow and cotton, my son,
Protect you from harm thro' the night,
When into a mould it is run,
And made in a candle to light?

WILLIE.

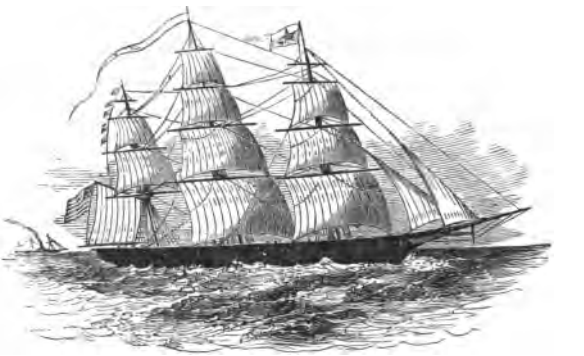
The candle could not see or hear,
And I 'll try to remember to-night,
That God my kind Father is near,
Then, mamma, I 'll not ask for a light.

"CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD!"

SAVIOR, keep me near thy side,
Take my hand within thine own,
I would be thy little child,
Leave me not to walk alone.

"Suffer little ones to come,"
Thou didst say, when here on earth;
Let my feet no longer roam,
I would know thy heavenly birth.

Take my wicked heart away,
Make me holy like thy Son;
Leave me not from thee to stray,
Leave me not to walk alone.



THE HELEN MARIA.

With sails all set
To catch the breeze,
This noble ship
Now ploughs the seas.

May God in safety
Kindly keep
Our loved ones while
Upon the deep!

THE YOUTHFUL KING.

How much God's holy Book was prized
By King Josiah in his youth!
At eight years old his reign began,
When no one served the Lord in truth.

His ancestors were wicked men,
And walked not in God's holy ways,
But filled Jerusalem with sin,
And worshipped idols all their days.

The youthful king desired to know
How to avoid the ways of sin;
He wished to live as David did,
And have his heart made pure within.

Go to the Book of Kings, and learn
What joy he felt when Shaphan brought
From God's high priest his holy law,
And how he had his people taught

That precious Book to understand,
And take it for their daily guide;
To love the Lord with all their hearts,
And serve no other gods beside.

Make thou that precious Book, O Lord,
A light to guide *me* all the way;
May it direct my steps at night,
And safely lead me through the day.

I love to read those precious words,
Sweet truths I meet on every page;
Oh, may they be my hope in youth,
And my support in hoary age.

THE LITTLE BOY'S REQUEST.

Sent to the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in the summer of 1858.

I AM a little boy of twelve, and always tell the truth;
O pray for me, that I may love the Savior in my youth.
Thus from the sunny South that precious message came
To those who meet in Fulton street to pray in Jesus' name.

Dear little boy in Georgia, oh write once more, and say
That you "stand up for Jesus," that you have found the way, —
The narrow way that leads to Heaven; then we once more in prayer
Will thank our heavenly Father, who hath sweetly brought you there.

THE INFANT SAVIOR.

CHILD.

MAMMA, 't is strange that God most high
Could come to earth to live and die;
'T is wonderful that he could be
Just such a little child as me!

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That he should need a mother's care,
For food to eat and clothes to wear;—
How did the Virgin Mary know
That he was Lord of all below?

MOTHER.

His coming, Lillie, was foretold
By many holy men of old,
And angels had been sent to tell
That this dear child she loved so well

Should be her Savior, Christ the Lord,
And she believed his precious Word;
Mary oft pondered in her heart
Those things the angels did impart.

CHILD.

How could they be so very poor,
When Christ was Lord of all? I 'm sure,
I should have thought that he would come
To live in some delightful home.

He could have had the sweetest spot
In all the world,—why did he not?
Why did the infant Savior lie
In a poor stable? Tell me why

He did not have a home like ours,
With a nice garden, full of flowers

And trees, where lovely birds should sing,
To cheer the infant Savior King?

MOTHER.

When Jesus came to save our race,
He meant to show such wondrous grace,
That rich and poor alike might see
He condescends their Friend to be.

The poorest child may never fear
To pour its wants into his ear,
For Jesus, though a king above,
Looks down with sympathy and love.

He knows exactly what we need,
And he will be our Friend indeed,
Will kindly listen to our prayer,
And all our little sorrows share.

THE TWO COUSINS.

Two wee-bit cousins went out to ride,
Their carriages rolling side by side;
The air was not damp, or chilly, or raw,
But as bright a day as ever you saw.

Two prettier babies one seldom sees;
Nurse often was stopped with remarks like these:

"What beautiful children! Whose can they be?
Do stop those nurses and let us see!"

The beauty of each the ladies compare:
"This one is so lovely! do see how fair
Her little round face, so plump and sweet!
I must kiss the child though it is in the street."

"No,—her little cousin is prettier far;
I like a brunette; she will be a bright star."
The nurses move on, well pleased, I fear,
Such flattering remarks from the ladies to hear.

Had they seen these children in Water street,
In ragged garments and naked feet,
They would not have stopped them on the way,
And flattered them so, I think, to-day.

PRECIOUS BIBLE.

How many nations
  Ne'er have heard
The precious truths
  Of God's own Word;

That the dear Savior
  Came to die,
That we might dwell
  With him on high.

If you had never
  Heard of God,
Nor ever read
  His Holy Word,

How very thankful
You would be,
A copy of God's
Book to see!

Then, save your pennies,
Children dear,
That all, these precious
Truths may hear.

THE SACRIFICE.

How hard it was for Abraham
To say, God's will be done,
When he was called to offer up
His dear, — his only son.

"Take Isaac, now, thine only son,"
(This was the Lord's command,)
"And offer him a sacrifice,
To die by thine own hand."

But Abraham believed that God,
His Father, always knew
Just what was right, and could not tell
Him a wrong thing to do.

He did not stop to question God,
But rose at early dawn,

Saddled his ass, and called his son,
To go that very morn

A three days journey to a spot
Which God to them would show;
And Isaac, with the two young men,
At once prepared to go.

At length the Mount appeared in sight,
And Abraham told his men,
"I yonder go to worship God,
And will come back again."

Much Isaac wondered what it meant,
But he obeyed his sire,
And took the wood upon his arms,
To build his funeral pyre.

Upon the mountain now they stand,
And Isaac meekly cries,
"Behold the fire and wood! but where 's
The lamb for sacrifice?"

When they had reached Moriah's top,
The father told his son, —
And Isaac willingly was bound,
That God's will might be done.

Upon the altar, then, the wood
Was all in order laid,
And Abraham took the knife in hand,—
That knife with naked blade.

Then quick an angel of the Lord
Was sent from heaven above,
To gladden faithful Abraham's heart
With these sweet words of love.

"Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
For now, indeed, I see
Thou fearest God, nor hast withheld
Thine only son from me.

"And now in blessing I will bless
Thee and thy numerous seed;
All those who have thy simple faith
Shall be my friends* indeed.

"When I shall give mine only Son
To die on Calvary,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Thine offspring he shall be."

And has "Our Father" sent his Son,
His only Son, from heaven
To die for us that we might live
And have our sins forgiven?

* "The seed of Abraham my friend."—ISAIAH, xli: 8.

Lord, help me, then, to read thy Word,
Believing all it saith;
For I may be a friend of God,
If I have Abraham's faith.

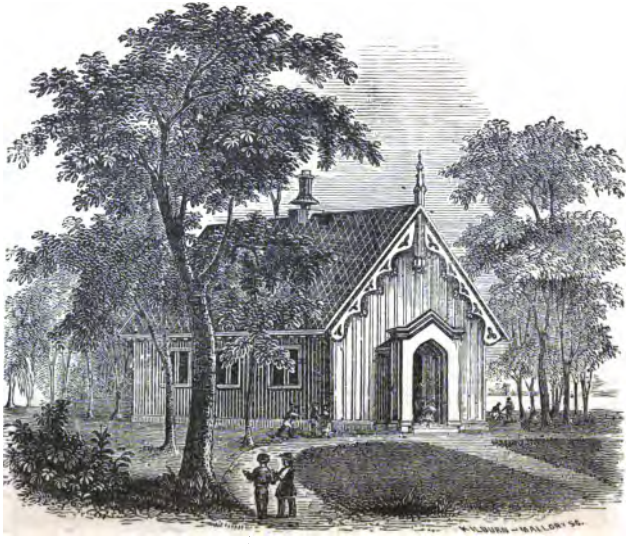
"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY."

I LOVE the Sabbath day,
Of all the days the best;
Thy sacred hours are sweet to me,
Oh, day of holy rest!

I love the Sabbath bell,
It says, "Do not delay;
Hasten, dear children, from your homes;
Come, worship God to-day.

I love the Sabbath School;
Oft, as I take my seat,
I pray that early I may learn
To sit at Jesus' feet.

Oh, blessed Sabbath day,
Thou best of all the seven;
Thy precious hours I would improve,
To fit my soul for heaven!



CHARLIE AND HIS YOUTHFUL TEACHER.

"COME, now, my dear boy, confess what you 've done,
To your loving, kind Father on high ;
You cannot conceal from the All-seeing One
The fact that you 're telling a lie."

So said the young teacher of Birmingham school,
To Charlie, when no one was nigh ;
She grieved that her pupil had broken a rule,
Still more that he 'd told her a lie.

His face, once so joyous, was then very sad,
His heart was too full to reply,
As Miss Mary pressed home on the dear little lad
The fact of his telling a lie.

"Oh come, now in penitence tell me, dear boy,
The whole truth, and then we will try
And ask the dear Savior his grace to employ,
To guard you from telling a lie."

But, though the child wore a sad look of distress,

No penitent tear dimm'd his eye;
All arguments failed; — Charlie would not confess
That he had been telling a lie.

The teacher stood there, with her heart raised in prayer
To One whom she felt ever nigh;
Oh how could she bear that her pupil should dare
To grieve him by telling a lie.

"Dear Father, I know not what course to pursue;
Oh guide me," she said, with a sigh;
"I am young and too helpless to know what to do
With a child who is telling a lie.

"Leave not this dear child to perish, I pray,
Oh listen, and hear my sad cry!
What more can I say? I must send him away,
He will not repent of this lie."

A change soon was wrought, when Miss Mary was taught
By God, her kind Father on high,
That his Word must be brought, and thence must be sought
His threatenings to those who will lie.

Charlie reads of the joys of the ransomed above,
And learns that this home in the sky
Forever is closed by our Father in love,
From those who on earth learn to lie.

To that Heavenly City, so good and so fair,
The Lamb will a welcome deny,
And no little child can e'er hope to go there,
"Who loveth and maketh a lie."*

The Bible has conquered! The teacher with joy
Sees that tears are now filling his eye,
She kneels and implores for her penitent boy
Forgiveness for telling a lie.

THE SAILOR AND THE MONKEYS.

Once, in the hope of honest gain
From Afric's golden store,
A brisk young sailor cross'd the main,
And landed on her shore.

And leaving soon the sultry strand,
Where his fair vessel lay,
He travell'd o'er the neighboring land,
To trade in peaceful way.

* Rev. xxii: 15.

Full many a toy had he to sell,
And caps of scarlet dye,
All such things as he knew full well,
Would please the native's eye.

But as he travell'd through the woods,
He longed to take a nap,
And opening there his pack of goods,
Took out a scarlet cap,

And drew it on his head, thereby
To shield him from the sun,
Then soundly slept, nor thought an eye
Had seen what he had done.

But many a monkey dwelling there,
Though hidden from his view,
Had closely watched the whole affair,
And longed to do so too.

And while he slept did each one seize
A cap to deck his brows,
Then climbing up the highest trees,
Sat chattering on the boughs.

The sailor wak'd, his caps were gone,
And loud and long he grieves,
Till, looking up with heart forlorn,
He spied at once the thieves.

With cap of red upon each head,
Full fifty faces grim,
The sailor sees amid the trees,
With eyes all fixed on him.

He brandish'd quick a mighty stick,
But could not reach their bower,
Nor yet could stone, for every one
Was far beyond his power.

Alas! he thought, I 've safely brought
My caps far over seas,
But could not guess it was to dress
Such little rogues as these.

Then quickly down he threw his own,
And loud in anger cried,
"Take this one too, you thievish crew,
Since you have all beside."

But, quick as thought the caps were caught
From every monkey's crown,
And, like himself, each little elf
Threw his directly down.

He then with ease did gather these,
And in his pack did bind,
Then through the woods convey'd his goods
And sold them to his mind.

THE MORNING WALK.

THE sun is up, the air is clear,
The flowers are blooming all around,
The dew-drops glitter on the grass,
And pretty daisies deck the ground.

How sweet it is to go abroad,
And breathe this lovely morning air,
So fragrant with perfume of flowers,
While everything seems fresh and fair.

The busy insects flitting round,
The warbling birds on every tree,

Each blade of grass, each opening flower,
All seem to speak, great God, of thee.

Dear Father, thou hast kindly kept
Thy child from danger all the night,
And now, my heart is filled with joy,
As I behold the morning light.

And I would speak of all thy love;
Oh, fill my heart with grateful praise,
And may I for these bounteous gifts,
Both love and serve thee all my days.

STRAWBERRY GIRL.

EMILY.

MAMMA, do hear Eliza cry!
She wants a piece of cake, I know,
She will not stir to school without;
Do give her some, and let her go.

MOTHER.

Oh no, my dear, that will not do,
She has behaved extremely ill;
She does not think of minding me,
And tries to gain her stubborn will.

This morning, when she had her milk,
She gave her spoon a sudden twirl

And threw it all upon the floor;
Oh, she 's a naughty, wicked girl!

And now, forsooth, she cries for cake,
But that, my dear, I must refuse,
For children never should object
To eating what their parents choose.

That pretty little girl who came
To sell the strawberries here to-day,
Would have been very glad to eat
What my Eliza threw away;

Because her parents are so poor
That they have neither milk nor meat,
But gruel and some Indian cake
Is all the children have to eat.

They have beside three little girls, —
Mary 's the oldest of them all, —
And hard enough she has to work
To help the rest, though she 's so small.

As soon as strawberries are ripe,
She picks all day and will not stop
To play, nor eat a single one
Till she has filled her basket up.

Then down she comes to sell them all,
And lays the money up to buy

Her stockings and her shoes to wear
When cold and wintry storms are nigh.

Then Mary has to trudge away,
And gather wood thro' piles of snow,
To keep the little children warm,
When the frost bites and cold winds blow.

Oh, then, as she comes home at night,
Hungry and tired, with cold benumb'd,
How would she jump to find a bowl
Of bread and milk all nicely crumb'd.

But she, dear child, has no such thing;
Of gruel and some Indian cake,
Whether she chooses it or not,
Poor Mary must her supper make.

And now, my child, will you behave
So ill again another day,
Be cross, and pout, and cry for cake,
And throw your breakfast all away?

ELIZA.

Oh never, never, dear mamma,
I 'm sorry that I gave you pain;
Forgive me, and I never will
Be such a naughty girl again.

ENVY.

MELINDA.

I WISH I had a coach, mamma;
O, how I should delight to ride,
Like Jennie Wright, where'er I pleased,
And have a servant at my side.

The other day, as Ann and I
Were walking down the meadow lane,
With John and Mary Anna Smith,
Who should go by but little Jane!

The man drove slow, that Miss might view
The charming prospect all around;
How proud she felt that she could ride,
While we were walking on the ground!

We all ran off and left the coach,
But while we gathered flowers for you,
Mamma, the servant followed us,
For Miss must have some daisies too.

She seemed resolved to let us know
That she could have just what she pleased,
Then the new coach whirled off, and so
I really hope her mind was eased.

What was it, ma, that vexed me so
And spoiled the pleasure of the day?
I should have had a charming walk
If that old coach had kept away.

MOTHER.

'T was envy, child, an odious sin,
That springs from ignorance and pride;
You grieved to see another taste
Enjoyments to yourself denied.

That little Miss you envied so
Lived six long months in constant pain,

Then the disorder seized her feet,
And she will never walk again.

I chanced to be at Mr. Wright's
That very day, when Jane came home;
Her brother took her in his arms,
And brought her sobbing to the room.

Her mother tenderly enquired
What made her weep. "Alas!" she cried,
"Why, mother, will you urge your child
To seek for pleasure in a ride?

"At first, I looked with some delight
On the sweet fields so green and gay,
When happy children passed along,
As merry as the birds in May.

"They laughed, they jumped, they climbed the hedge,
For flowers their pretty wreaths to twine,
And then they wandered through the fields,
To gather blackberries from the vine.

"I wept, that with such joyous sports
I never more could take a part;
Kind Peter saw how sad I felt,
And tried to cheer my heavy heart.

"He brought me berries from the vine,
He gathered daisies nice and sweet;
But on the flowers I could not look,
The blackberries I could not eat.

"Oh, turn, I said, and drive me home,
Each object gives my heart a pain,
And let me in my chamber hide,
And never see a coach again."

Now, dear Melinda, do you wish
That you was Jennie Wright, to ride
In a new coach whene'er you please,
And have a servant at your side?

MELINDA.

Oh, no, indeed; for now, mamma,
I see how wicked I have been;
You spoke most truly when you said
That envy was an odious sin.

Poor Jennie Wright! how very strange
That I should think her proud or vain;
How wicked and unkind it was
For me to envy little Jane.

I shall feel thankful I can walk
Whene'er I chance a coach to meet;
Nor envy those again who ride,
So long as I can use my feet.

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY

REMEMBER THE POOR.

"The poor ye have always with you, and when ye will ye may do them good."—[WORDS OF JESUS.

GOD'S blessing on those
Who remember the poor!
If I had been born
In the Five Points, I 'm sure

I should have been grateful
For work and for food;
And this House of Industry
Must do them great good.

Our hearts should be filled
With pity for those
Who suffer in winter
For want of warm clothes.

Who suffer with hunger
For want of nice bread,
While we from God's bounty
Are constantly fed.

Then let us remember
How much they endure, —
Those dear little children
So wretched and poor,

And do what we can
To provide them with food,
For all our spare pennies
Would do them great good.

HOLIDAY GIFT.

MOTHER.

My children, I am glad to see
Your holidays have come;
For much it does delight my heart
To see you all at home.

And that you have behaved so well,
Gives me still greater joy;
For greatly does your happiness
Your mother's thoughts employ.

The promise that I gave you all
Most strictly I regard,
And dearly do I love to give
My children their reward.

So here is a guinea, Charles, for you,
To buy that pretty sword,
Which, when you asked me for last spring,
I could not then afford.

And, Emma, one for you and Ann,
Between you to divide;

As Charles is older than yourselves,
I hope you 're satisfied.

EMMA.

Oh yes, mamma, 't is quite enough,
We could not wish for more;
We never in our lives have had
One half as much before.

CHARLES.

Mamma, you seem to be perplexed
With some unpleasant care;
You smile, but then 't is not the smile
That I have seen you wear.

Pray, tell me is it anything
That I have said or done?
I hope, mamma, I never shall
Be an ungrateful son.

MOTHER.

Oh, no, my child; you ever have
Been dutiful and kind,
But still, there is a circumstance
That has perplexed my mind.

You know that worthy family
That lived up on the hill, —

Poor Mr. Smith, the clever man,
That used to tend the mill.

Last spring, his wife and little ones
Were very sick, you know;
When they recovered, he was seized,
And died a week ago.

This very morning, Mrs. Smith
Came here to ask relief;
Poor woman! she looked pale and thin,
And overwhelmed with grief.

"Dear madam, I am grieved to come
And trouble you," she said;
"But new afflictions seem to fall
In torrents on my head.

"Some time before my husband died,
We owed a quarter's rent,
He laid it up, and would, no doubt,
Have paid it — every cent.

"But when our earnings all were stopp'd,
And we so long were ill,
I was obliged to take it all,
To pay the doctor's bill.

"This very morn our landlord came,
And sternly bade me pay;
I told him all, and begged he 'd wait
A little longer day.

"'Wait longer? No, indeed I wont;
Too long I have waited now;
So pay, or you 'll march out of doors,
And I shall take your cow.'"

The widow wept, and then she said,
"I am willing to be poor, —
But yet to lose my only cow
Seems too much to endure."

CHARLES.

Here, take this money, ma, and pay
As far as it will go;
I had rather never have a sword
Than she should suffer so.

EMMA AND ANN.

And ours, mamma; do take it all,
To pay that cruel man;
And pray make haste before he comes
To frighten them again.

MOTHER.

Come to my arms, my precious ones,
I only meant to see

Whether your little hearts were warmed
With sweet humanity.

I 'll take your money for this debt, —
And never did I pay
A sum away with such delight,
As I shall do this day.

Come, then, my children, let us go;
It is a bless'd employ
To cheer the widow's heart and fill
The fatherless with joy.

Oh, do not neglect
Your practice, my dear;
Papa will expect
Some good music to hear;
For he has been absent
Almost a whole year.

NURSERY CHILDREN NEEDING HOMES.

"Two orphan children, under five,
With pleasant, sunny faces,
Brother and sister, much attached,
Are candidates for 'places.'"

Thus writes a lady from the Home;
And Fred has asked papa,

To take them both, and let them live
With him and dear mamma.

Papa replies: "My dear, I think
We 've boys enough already;
But we will take the little girl —
A play-mate for our Freddy."

O, must these little orphans part?
What will the poor boy do?
He hesitates a moment, then
He says, "we 'll take the two!

"For 't would be very hard, to part
The sister from her brother;
Poor little friendless ones, who now
So dearly love each other.

"Mamma will not consent, I 'm sure,
These orphans thus to part,
There 's room enough to hold them both,
In her warm, loving heart."

Fred runs at once to ask mamma,
If she will be a mother
To this dear little girl and boy —
The sister and the brother.

She prays her Savior, then, to guide,
And teach her what to do;
Fred soon returns to tell papa, —
"Yes; we must take the two!"

For while she knelt in earnest prayer,
The Savior seemed to say,
In sweetest accents to her heart,
"Work, while 't is called to-day.

"Take these dear little orphans home —
Go, feed these lambs for me,
And I will care for you and yours,
I will your Savior be."

Oh, will not other parents hear,
The Savior sweetly plead,
For my sake, take these orphans home,
And be my friends indeed.

ALMIRA AND MINNIE.

MOTHER.

ALMIRA, go and get your work,
And sit with me, my dear;
And, Minnie, you may read to us, —
We will with pleasure hear.

Two little misses thus employed
Is a delightful sight;

Then after tea the time 's your own,
And you may play till night.

Minnie, why do you look displeased?
Don't you approve my plan?
Well, alter it yourself, my dear;
Improve it if you can.

MINNIE.

I 'm tired of sitting here alone,
Mamma, with only you;
I 'm tired of work, indeed I am,
I 'm tired of reading, too.

And only just Almira here,
And Fido now to play;
If I 'd my will I 'd go abroad
Most gladly every day.

MOTHER.

Minnie, do you know Peggy Hill,
That little, modest child,
Who sometimes comes on errands here?
She lives with Mrs. Wild.

She came the other day when you
Was sitting here with me;
Almira sewed, you had a book,
And read quite prettily.

She tried to do her errand twice ;
But when she came to speak,
I saw her turn aside and wipe
A tear from off her cheek.

I thought it strange, and led her out ;
" What ails you, child," said I ;
" Pray have you hurt yourself, or what
Can thus have made you cry? "

" Oh, no," she said, " I am not hurt ;
I am to blame, I fear ;
But such a tender sight as this
Will always force a tear.

" For I had tender parents once, —
Affectionate and kind ;
But they are dead ; they both have gone,
And left their child behind.

" I had a little sister, too,
And many a pleasant day
We with our mother worked and read
The cheerful hours away.

" But when we lost our parents, ma'am,
Our living all was fled ;
And we were placed in strangers' hands,
To earn our daily bread.

"My sister could not long support
The hardship of her fate;
She left this miserable world
And sought a happier state.

"Since then I have mourn'd my heavy lot;
Alone, without relief, —
I have no friend to pity me
Or listen to my grief.

"My mistress lives in wealth and ease,
From want and sorrow free;
She never knew what labor was,
Nor can she feel for me.

"I work from morn till night, and try
To please her all the while,
And think sometimes I 'd give the world
Just for one pleasant smile.

"But every day I give offence,
In spite of all my care;
And cruel words from day to day,
It is my lot to bear."

MINNIE.

Oh, how I pity Peggy Hill!
Her case is sad indeed;

I 'm thankful for my happy home,—
Dear mother, let me read.

And let Almira get her work ;—
Fido, you run away
Till after tea, then on the green
We 'll run, and jump, and play.

THE INDIAN AND THE PLANTER.

By the door of his house a planter stood,
In fair Virginia's clime,
When the setting sun had tinged the wood
With its golden hue sublime.

The lands of this planter were broadly spread,
He lacked not gold or gear,
And his house had plenty of meat and bread
To make them goodly cheer.

An Indian came from the forest deep,
A hunter in weary plight,
Who in humble accents asked to sleep
'Neath the planter's roof that night.

To the Indian's need he took no heed,
But forbade his longer stay;
"Then give me," he said, "but a crust of bread,
And I'll travel on my way."

In wrath the planter this denied,
Forgetting the golden rule;
"Then give me, for mercy's sake," he cried,
"A cup of water cool.

"All day I have travell'd o'er fen and bog,
In chase of the bounding deer;"

"Away," cried the planter, "you Indian dog,
For you shall have nothing here."

The Indian turned to his distant home,
Though hungry and travel sore,
And the planter enter'd his goodly dome,
Nor thought of the Indian more.

When the leaves were sere, to chase the deer,
This self same planter went,
And bewildered stood, in a dismal wood,
When the day was fully spent.

He had lost his way in the chase that day,
And in vain to find it tried,
When a glimmering light fell on his sight,
From a wigwam close beside.

He thither ran, and a savage man
Received him as a guest;
He brought him cheer, the flesh of deer,
And gave him of the best.

Then kindly spread for the white man's bed,
His softest skins beside,
And at break of day, through the forest way,
Went forth to be his guide.

At the forest's verge, did the planter urge,
His service to have paid,
But the savage bold refused his gold,
And thus to the white man said:

"I came of late to the white man's gate,
And weary and faint was I,
Yet neither meat, nor water sweet,
Did the Indian's wants supply.

"Again should he come to the white man's home
My service let him pay,
Nor say, again to the fainting man,
You 'Indian dog, away!'"

THE INDIAN AND THE BASKET.*

Among Rhode Island's early sons,
Was one whose orchards fair,
By plenteous and well-flavored fruit,
Rewarded all his care.

For household use they stored the best,
And all the rest conveyed
To neighboring mill, were ground and press'd,
And into cider made.

*This circumstance actually occurred as related, soon after the settlement of Rhode Island, at a farm house, still in good preservation.

The wandering Indian oft partook
The generous farmer's cheer;
He liked his food, but better still
His cider fine and clear.

And as he quaff'd the pleasant draught,
The kitchen fire before,
He longed for some to carry home,
And asked for more and more.

The farmer saw a basket new
Beside the Indian bold,
And smiling said, "I 'll give to you
As much as that will hold."

Both laughed, for how could liquid thing
Within a basket stay;
But yet the jest unanswering,
The Indian went his way,

When next from rest the farmer sprung,
So very cold the morn,
The icicles like diamonds hung
On every spray and thorn.

The brook that babbled by his door
Was deep, and clear, and strong,
And yet unfettered by the frost,
Leaped merrily along.

The self-same Indian by this brook,
The astonished farmer sees;
He laid his basket in the stream,
Then hung it up to freeze.

And by this process oft renewed,
The basket soon became
A well-glazed vessel, tight and good,
Of most capacious frame.

The door he entered speedily,
And claim'd the promis'd boon,
The farmer, laughing heartily,
Fulfilled his promise soon.

Up to the basket's brim he saw
The sparkling cider rise,
And to rejoice his absent squaw,
He bore away the prize.

Long lived the good man at the farm,—
The house is standing still,
And still leaps merrily along,
The much diminished rill.

And his descendants still remain,
And tell to those who ask it,
The story they have often heard
About the INDIAN'S BASKET.

GRANDMAMMA'S STORY.

Oh, tell some tales of ancient times,
Dear grandmamma, again;
When you was young as we are now,
Said little Mary Jane.

She raised her mild blue eyes, and said,
I have a tale to tell,
Which once I read, when I was young,
And now remember well.

My mother bought the book for me,
And brought it home one day,
When I had been a naughty girl,
And passionate at play.

Although the tale was very sad,
I tell it now, that you
May see what very wicked things,
An angry child may do.

GRANDMAMMA'S STORY OF THE BLIND CHILD.

Some ladies once agreed with me,
To give our little ones a sail;
The day was fine, the summer wind
Just blew a soft and pleasant gale.

We stepped on board a pleasure boat,
With gayest colors painted o'er,
And in the bosom of the stream,
We sweetly sailed along the shore.

Our children could not keep their seats,
But every sportive girl and boy,
With hearts as cheerful as the day,
Did skip about the deck for joy;

Except one pretty little girl,
Who sat alone with downcast eye,
And now and then I saw a tear,
And thought I heard a broken sigh.

I wondered much that one so young,
Should seem so pensively inclined,
And asked her mother what it meant;
"Alas!" said she, "the child is blind.

"One day, I never shall forget,
She and her brother were at play;
Something she said offended him,
And so they had a childish fray.

"She turned her head and gave a look,
'T was half a smile and half grimace;
His temper rose, — he caught a fork
And threw it in his sister's face.

"It struck her eye, the blood gushed out,
He screamed, and turn'd as pale as death;
Oh, never shall my memory lose
That dreadful scene while I have breath.

"For three long, melancholy months,
We kept her in a darkened room,
With a close bandage round her eyes,
Where not a ray of light could come.

"The doctors tried their utmost skill
To keep her sight, but all in vain;
At length the wounded eyes were healed,
But she will never see again.

"Her brother's heart is almost broke;
'Oh, Harriet,' he often cries,
'If I was owner of the world,
I 'd give it to restore your eyes.

"'But you will laugh and play no more,
Nor your dear parents' faces see,
Nor trees, nor fields, nor blooming flowers.
And never will you look on me.

"'Oh, wretched, miserable boy!
What has my wicked temper done;
I 've shut my dear, dear sister's eyes
Forever from the cheerful sun!'"

This story, children, made me feel
How very wicked I had been;
To lose my temper when at play,
I felt to be a grievous sin.

And now, my dears, said grandmamma,
May this sad tale I 've told to-day
Lead you to guard your hearts with care,
And ne'er be angry when at play.

BLACKBERRY GIRL.

PART II.

Part I. in "Songs for Little Ones at Home."

"What have you in that basket, child?"
"They are blackberries, Miss, all picked to-day;
They 're very nice, and fully ripe; —
Do look at them, and taste them, pray."

"Oh, yes, they are very nice indeed!
Here 's four-pence, that will buy a few,
Not quite so many as I could eat;
However, I must make them do."

"No, Miss; but you must take the whole."
"I can't, indeed, my money 's spent;
I should be glad to buy them all,
But I have not another cent.

"And if you had a thousand, Miss,
I 'd not accept of one from you;

Pray take them! they are all your own,
And take the little basket, too.

"Have you forgot that little girl
You last year gave a bonnet to?
You may, perhaps, but ever will
That little girl remember you.

"For ever since I 've been to church, —
And much do I delight to go, —
For there I learned the way to heaven,
Which I so long had wished to know.

"One day I thought within myself,
That pretty basket Billy wove
I 'll fill with fruit for that dear Miss,
For sure 't will be a work of love.

"And so, this morning, up I rose,
While yet the fields were wet with dew,
And picked the nicest I could find,
And brought them fresh and sweet to you.

"I know the gift is small, indeed,
For such a lady to receive;
But yet, I hope you 'll not refuse
All that poor Phebe has to give."

SUPPER FOR THE ROBINS.

THESE dear little birdies
Will not fly away;
They come for their breakfast
And supper each day.

They come in the morning,
At noon, and at night,
And always are welcomed
With greatest delight.

And crumbs in abundance
They always have found
Just under the window,
Spread out on the ground.

Now Minnie and Ella
Are watching to see
Their dear little robins
Come down from the tree,

Where they have been warbling
A beautiful lay,
To charm the dear children
At close of the day.

BREAKFAST FOR THE ROBINS.

When supper is over,
The birds fly away,
And sing a new song
At dawn of the day.

These sweet little robins
Such lovely notes raise,
They seem to be singing
Their Creator's praise.

Awake, little Minnie!
Come, Ella, arise!
The sun is beginning
His course in the skies.

Your birdies already
Are waiting for you
To give them their breakfast;
Now what will you do?

They rouse from their slumbers,
Then kneel down to pray;—
Thus Minnie and Ella
Begin the new day.

Before their own breakfast
Is ready, they go

To see if the robins
Are waiting below.

And there one dear songster
Is sure to be found
As soon as his breakfast
Is spread on the ground.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

No rain had descended, the fountains were dry,
The streamlets no water afford;
No clouds, thick and heavy, bespoke a supply,
When a voice to Elijah descends from on high,
And spoke the commands of the Lord.

Arise, O Elijah! to Zion repair,
Awhile in Zarephath remain;
A poor widow woman will welcome thee there,
To thee of her little a portion will spare,
And with food and with water sustain.

The Prophet arose at the heav'nly desire,
His steps to Zarephath he bound,
When lo! the poor widow in humble attire,
And busied with gathering sticks for her fire,
At the gates of the city he found.

He said, "I have travelled a wearisome way;
From Cherith to-day I have hied;
I have passed by no fountain my thirst to allay,
Then fetch me a draught of cold water, I pray,
Lest I perish with thirst at thy side."

She turned, and again to the woman he spoke,
"A stranger am I in the land,
And since in compassion my thirst thou wilt slake,
Remember I also am hunger'd, and take
A morsel of bread in thy hand."

She answered, "As liveth thy Maker and Lord,
No bread for thy hunger have I;
Of oil but a little my cruise can afford,
But an handful of meal in my barrel is stor'd,
And from none can I ask a supply.

"For fuel to dress this small portion, to-day,
To the gates of the city I hie,
And now with these sticks I return on my way,
That my son and myself may our hunger allay,
Then calmly resign us to die."

Then answered Elijah, "As thou hast begun,
Go on till thy home shall appear;
Make cakes of thy meal, and first bake for me one,
Then after another for thee and thy son,
And your hunger allay without fear.

"For thus saith thy Maker, the meal shall not waste,
And the oil in the cruise shall not fail,
But thou and thy household his bounty shall taste,
Till the day when his wrath and his anger is past,
And showers of plenty prevail."

No need had Elijah the words to repeat, —
To the house of the widow he went;
Many days he sojourned in the quiet retreat,
And she, and her son, and the prophet did eat,
And the oil and the meal were not spent.

Yet more would you hear how this widow was bless'd,
How her son from the dead was restored,
Go turn to the Book where the tale is express'd,
Of Elijah, beloved of the Lord.

SKATING.

Do not fear
To venture out,
Tho' Jack Frost
May be about.

Come, enjoy
This bracing air;
Ice is solid
Everywhere.

It is safe
To skate or slide;
See how swiftly
Now we glide!

O'er the pond,
All together;—
Oh, what healthy,
Charming weather!

TO MY INFANT NEPHEW.

Is this new life so sweet to thee, my little baby boy,
That thus thy minutes seem to be a constant course of joy?
I gaze upon thy laughing face, I hear thy joyous tone,
Till the glad feeling of thy heart oft passes to my own.

No titled infant for whose brow a coronet shines fair
Is blest with better health than thou or nursed with tenderer care;
And be it prince or peasant's child, the station high or low,
These blessings are the only ones its earliest days can know.

I would not damp thy present joy with tales of future care,
Nor paint the ills of life, dear boy, which thou must feel and bear;
The early dew is fair to view although it vanish soon,
And lovely is the morning flower that withers when 't is noon.

Thy heavenly Father, by whose will a living
soul is thine,
By his good Spirit visits still this heritage
divine,
And children who in innocence the path of life
hath trod,
Hear often in their tender minds the indwelling
voice of God.

As reason dawns, as mind expands, in childhood's
opening day,
Thou oft wilt hear his high commands, to shun
the evil way;
And every evil thought resigned to this divine
control,
Will bring a sweetness to thy mind, a blessing
to thy soul.

Dear as thy welfare is to me, I cannot frame a
thought,
I cannot breathe a wish for thee with happiness
more fraught,
Than that this heavenly Friend may prove the
Ruler of thy way,
And thy young heart incline to love, to
hearken, and obey.

LEEP, LITTLE BIRDIE!

Hush, little birdie,
I 'll sing you a song,
One that is sweet,
And not very long;
Peep! peep!
Go to sleep!

Lullaby, birdie!
While taking your rest,—
Nothing shall harm you,
You 're safe in your nest.
Peep! peep!
Go to sleep!

THE WOUNDED FOOT.

The children are grieved, for the poor little boy
Has wounded his foot with a thorn;
And Willie and Fred have left their play,
And both of them have gone

To ask mamma to run to the spot,
And try to relieve the pain;
She will help the dear boy, but he must not run
Without stockings and shoes again.

LITTLE ELLEN'S REQUEST.

"I do not like this dress of mine,"
Said little Ellen to her mother;
"The girls at school are dressed so fine, —
I wish that I could have another.

"Do buy me one that 's very gay,
And a new bonnet trimmed with lace, —
Unless I look as smart as they
I feel ashamed to show my face."

Her mother said, "Ellen, my dear,
Your clothes, I 'm sure, are very good;
Nor would I wish you to appear
So fine and gaudy if you could.

"I try to dress you neat and plain,
That I may buy you useful books;
And if you 're neither proud nor vain,
I 'm sure our friends will like your looks.

"Whene'er I dress you, I must say,
Would God be pleased with things like these?
For, Ellen, we must seek each day
In all we do our God to please.

MILKING THE COWS.

'T was near the close of day, yet bright
The sun shone o'er the hill,
And pour'd a flood of golden light
On every object still.

With hat in hand, and reeking brows,
Did little Thomas come,
For he had helped to bring the cows
From distant pasture home.

Now, seated on the gray stone wall
Which all the yard surrounds,
His eye attentive noted all
That passed within its bounds.

With snow-white pail, the dairy's pride,
Each milker seated low,
Rested his head against the side
Of every gentle cow.

From Brown and Pied, from Black and Red,
The milk with care was drawn;
But Brindle fiercely shook her head
And raised her pointed horn.

Away she ran; but boy and man
Soon overtook and tied her,

And sturdy Ben, to milk her then,
Sat closely down beside her.

So! So! they cried, stand steady now.
But all would not avail,
For with her foot the restless cow
Soon overthrew the pail.

On dirt and sward the milk was pour'd
By Brindle's luckless blow,
And in a pen they put her then
Till she could gentle grow.

The rest were sent, the milking done,
To graze in grassy field,
Till summon'd by the rising sun
Their morning's milk to yield.

LOST CHILD.

In Newport, through the silent street
At midnight came a hum
Of voices and of passing feet,
And loudly-beaten drum.

A child was lost, — none could be found
In alley, street, or lane;
His friends in sorrow searched around,
But search was all in vain.

Though many a lantern lent its aid
And torches beamed on high,
In vain the mournful party stray'd
Till morning lit the sky.

Then by the water's side they came,
And there, oh, sad to say!
All cold and wet, his lifeless frame
Upon the sea-weed lay.

That morning, when he strayed from home,
Poor little Johnnie plann'd
Along the water's edge to roam,
Among the yellow sand.

And, as he sported free from care
The slippery rocks around,
The rising tide surprised him there,
And there the boy was drowned.

They bore him home, a mournful sight,
Then, speedily arrayed,
His little form in spotless white
Was in a coffin laid.

Next came his friends, a mournful band,
To form the funeral throng,
Where many children hand in hand
Walked silently along.

In grave-yard green may now be seen
O'er Johnnie's grave a stone,
And letters fair engraven there
His name and age make known.

GOD, THE GREAT CREATOR.

"Dear mother," one morning a little boy said,
"Pray tell me by whom this fine country was made;
At home in our town, where the houses are thick,
I know how they make them of timber and brick.

"I have seen how the mason and carpenter, too,
With trowel and hammer their labors pursue;
But not half so fine do their works all appear
As doth the fair covering that 's everywhere here.

"How lovely this grass with the flowers so sweet!
Nor do I remember a house in the street
So high as that tree where the little bird sings;
Did God, dearest mother, make all these fine things."

"He did, my dear boy," did his mother reply;
"Our Father in heaven, who dwells in the sky,
Made all these fine things, — the wide earth and seas,
The hills and the mountains, the rocks and the trees.

"This carpet of grass with its blossoms so fair,
The beasts of the wood and the fowls of the air, —
All my dear boy has seen in sunshine or shade,
His heavenly Father in kindness has made.

"And life, health, and strength he has given to thee,
And hearing, and eye-sight these beauties to see;
O, give him thine heart, then, in grief and in joy;
He will love thee and make thee his own little boy;
Will guard thee in safety thro' life, and will even
Take thee with him to dwell in his beautiful heaven.

TIBBY AND HER KITTEN.

Kit has not a sister,
Nor has she a brother;
And she is the darling
Of Tibby, her mother.

She stands there and purrs
With motherly pride,
While dear little kitty
Is close by her side.

T 'is pleasant to watch them —
Now they are at play,
With a round ball between them
Just rolling away.

If puss could not play
'T would be a great pity;
'T is only one year
Since she was a kitty.

How funny it seems,
That she is a mother;
'T is only one year
Since she and her brother

Were found in the stable
One warm summer day,

Where old Spot had hid them
So snugly away.

Such wee bits of kitties
You never did see,
And one was for Willie
And one was for me.

But one of those kitties
Strayed off from his mother,
Then my little Tibby
Had no more a brother.

Now she and old Spot
Scarce notice each other,
For Tibby, though young,
Is now a fond mother.

While grandmother Spot
Is roaming about
Not one rat or mouse
Will dare to come out.

And Tibby 's a mouser, —
She 'll soon teach her kitty
To chase them about
Without any pity.

Just look at her now,
With kit at her side,
And see how she watches
With motherly pride

Her one little darling
Who has not a brother
Or sister to share
The love of her mother.

Our Father has taught them
To care for each other;
He teaches our Tabby
To be a fond mother.

He teaches our kitty
To gambol and play,
And cares for them kindly
By night and by day.

Each creature that lives
And moves on the earth,
Our dear heavenly Father
Has kept from its birth.

And he loves to see them
So joyous and gay,
And makes them so happy
They all love to play.

I 'm glad that they have
Such love for each other,
I 'm glad that my kitty
Does love her dear mother.

HAPPY CAT.

In eighteen hundred and eighteen,
In pleasant time of Spring,
The pretty kitten first was seen,
Whose history I sing.

And first her pedigree to tell,—
She came, I understand,
Of parents as respectable
As any in the land.

Tib she was always called, for why?
It was her mother's name,
And lively was the kitten's eye,
And active was her frame.

The soft, warm coat that covered her,
Was goodly to the sight,
For spots of grey and yellow fur
Shone 'mid the milky white.

She quickly learned both rat and mouse
To combat and surprise,

For these abounded in the house
Where first Tib oped her eyes.

One half the year she tarried here,
And then went to reside
With Mrs. H., who lived quite near,
(Her cat had lately died.)

There play'd she many a youthful trick,
Which gain'd her great applause;
The rolling ball she 'd follow quick,
And seize between her paws.

The floating feather she would chase,
And with a spring attain;
Nor buzzing fly could rest in peace
About the window pane.

But one mischievous trick of puss
I mention to her shame;
To see the mistress of the house
A gentle lady came.

Tib saw the bonnet of the guest
Most carefully laid down,
Then quickly comes to take her rest
Within the satin crown.

Miss Tibby's head, and tail, and ears,
Into this quiet station
Are drawn, and not a hair appears
To common observation.

At length the lady took her hat, —
And how they all did stare
And laugh to see a sleeping cat
So snugly nestled there.

Six years rolled smoothly like the first,
From every evil free,
And many a kitten had she nurs'd
The prettiest that could be.

A most unusual sound one night
Was heard, and Tib thereby
Was roused at once from slumbers light,
To hear a baby cry!

No sound like this had met her ears
Within that ancient dome
In all the many quiet years
That this had been her home.

Straight up the stairway did she spring,
And there beheld the elf, —
A cunning, little, helpless thing,
No bigger than herself.

Tib loved the baby from that day,
And oft would rub her head
Against him in a friendly way,
Or sit beside his bed.

When puss was old, the baby Tom
Had grown a stately boy,
And since her feeble days had come,
He would his time employ

In nursing the poor, feeble cat,
With bread and milk to feed,
Or give her meat, both lean and fat,
According to her need.

TIBBY'S DEATH.

It now becomes us to relate
The time of Tibby's death;
In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight
She drew her latest breath.

Old age and slow disease conspired
This faithful cat to slay,
And in the garden she expired,
About the last of May.

Her's was a happy life indeed;
So quiet and secure,
From all the persecutions freed
That many cats endure.

Though duly fed with milk and bread,
At morn and evening, too,
No man, or youth, — or child, in truth,
A better mouser knew.

The closet door oft stood ajar,
Each shelf with viands crown'd,
Yet not the worse for honest puss
Were e'er the dishes found.

If Tib, a cat, such praise could gain
For honest, faithful deed,
Oh, how much more should those attain
Who think, and speak, and read.

SPRING.

THE beautiful spring-time, — the beautiful spring,
Has come with its treasure of flowers

And dear robin red-breasts again come to sing
In this beautiful garden of ours.

Spring, summer, and autumn, and winter, I know,
Each in turn fill our hearts with great pleasure;
But spring, lovely spring-time, you certainly bring
The greatest abundance of treasure.

UP! UP! AWAY!

At dawn of the day,
When I 'm wishing to sleep,
My dear little birdie
This carol will keep,—
Up! Up! Away!
See! See! 'T is day!

At dawn of the day
It is *so hard* to wake;
But I 'll listen and hear,
For my dear birdie's sake;
Up! Up! you 'll say,
See! See! 'T is day!

THE SABBATH BREAKER.

ONE pleasant morn, o'er hill and plain
The sunbeams brightly fell,
And loudly o'er the steepled fane
Rung out the Sabbath bell.

And they who loved the day of rest,
Went forth with one accord, —
Each in the way he deemed the best,
To wait upon the Lord.

But not with these, in lane or street,
Was Henry seen that day;
He had not learned to turn his feet
To wisdom's pleasant way.

But he God's holy day would take
With wicked boys to rove
In search of walnut trees to shake
Throughout the woody grove.

With basket o'er his shoulders thrown,
His garments soiled and torn,
Young Henry sauntered from the town
This pleasant Sabbath morn.

His widowed mother, sick and poor,
Had taught him better things;

And thus to see him leave her door,
Her heart with sorrow wrings.

She tried God's holy Book to heed,
As it before her lay;
But while she sought the words to read,
Her thoughts were far away.

The sun his parting radiance shed, —
Each hour increased her care,
When stranger steps with heavy tread
Came up her narrow stair.

And in their arms her son they bore,
Insensible and pale,
While many a stain of crimson gore
Revealed the hapless tale.

He 'd spent the day amid the wood
In happiness and glee,
And, just at eve, triumphant stood
Upon a lofty tree.

The bough, the very topmost bough,
Beneath his weight gave way,
And on the rocks quite senseless now
The wretched sufferer lay.

With mangled flesh, and laboring breath,
And sadly fractured limb,

For many a week he lay till death
A mercy seemed to him.

Yet, ere its bonds the spirit burst,
Deep penitence was given;
And thus, for Jesus' sake, we trust,
He found a home in heaven.

MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.

TIME is flying, dearest children,
Come and give your hearts away;
Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!
He will teach you how to pray.

Time is flying — do not linger,
Listen to his voice to-day;
Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!
He will teach you how to pray.

Time is flying — quickly flying,
Precious one do not delay,
Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!
He delights to hear you pray.

Time is flying *now*, dear children,
Come and give your hearts away;
Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!
He will teach you how to pray.

VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

A LITTLE boy one morning rose,
And from his chamber high,
Saw with delight the sun was bright
And beautiful the sky.

For with his mother and his aunt,
That day full well he knew

Was planned for him a pleasant jaunt
Across the waters blue.

And soon from head to foot complete
The little boy was dressed;
But yet no breakfast could he eat,
So full of joy his breast.

Ere ten o'clock their trunks were packed,
And all were in array,
Nor yet a piece of cake they lacked
To eat upon the way.

Oh, had you seen the pretty boat
With mast and sail and oar,
In which the happy party float
The peaceful billows o'er.

By pebbly shore and island green,
Where thick the bushes grew,
Each little girl and boy, I ween,
Had longed to be there too.

But soon they reached the island where
Their cousin kind had come
With greeting fair to meet them there,
And take them to his home.

His good brown horse drew wagon bright,
In which was room enough,
For better far than chaises light
Are these when roads are rough.

The good horse trotted with his load, —
The whip he did not need,
And o'er the high and rugged road
Our travellers bore with speed.

I cannot tell each charming sight
That on the dear boy's view
Arose to fill him with delight,
For all to him was new.

Here swam a flock of gabbling geese
In waters bright and still,
Nor did the sheep the gambols cease
About the verdant hill.

The cattle from their grassy meal
Raised up a heavy eye,
And many a pig sent forth its squeal
As rolled the wagon by.

And now the house appear'd in view
That they should tarry in, —
Then barking out the house-dog flew
And out came all their kin.

They kindly welcome gave each guest,
And full refreshment brought;
Then evening came, and needful rest
Each weary traveller sought.

LITTLE LYDIA AND THE RAZOR.

"This box little Lydia may put in its place,"
Said her uncle, "for I am quite lame;
My razor is nicely shut up in its case,
Be careful, my dear, of the same."

But Lydia had seen this razor so bright
In the hands of her uncle display'd,
And when she was once fairly out of his sight,
She open'd the box, and saw with delight
The beautiful handle and blade.

She met her young sister; "Dear Abby," she said,
"This beautiful thing only see;
Sit down here directly, and hold up your head,
I 'll shave you as nice as can be."

Her sister consented, and now they begin
Their dangerous play with delight;
But, lo! the first stroke brings blood from her chin,
And both scream aloud with affright.

At the sound of these voices their mother appear'd
And well might such figures amaze her;

For one little girl was with blood all besmeared,
The other was holding a razor.

Now Abby was washed, and a plaster they bring
For the cut on her face most befitting;
And Lydia was told what a terrible thing,
She 'd been on the point of committing.

They were warned for the future such play-things to shun,
And I trust they remember their warning;
For I 've heard of no mischief these children have done,
Since that most unfortunate morning.

NATURE SPEAKS OF GOD.

How beautiful this world, O Lord!
On every side thy hand I see;
The earth is with thy bounties stored,
All nature seems to speak of thee!
Oh, teach a little child to know
And love that God who made them so!

Each fowl that swiftly wings the air,
And warbling birds on every tree,
All claim our heavenly Father's care,
And they, too, seem to speak of thee.
Oh, teach a little child to know
And love that God who made them so!

The air, the ocean, and the land
  Are full of life as they can be,
And all from thy kind, bounteous hand
  Receive supplies of food from thee.
Oh, teach a little child to know
That glorious God who loves them so!

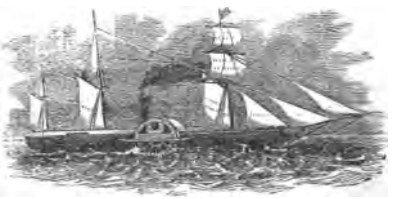
And thou, my Father, dost provide
  A happy home and friends for me;
My daily wants are all supplied,
  And all proceeds alone from thee.
Oh teach a little child to know
That glorious God who loves him so!

BABY HAS GOT A TOOTH.

"PAPA, I have glorious news to tell!"
Said a bright-eyed little boy,
As his father alighted from the stage,
And greeted his son with joy.

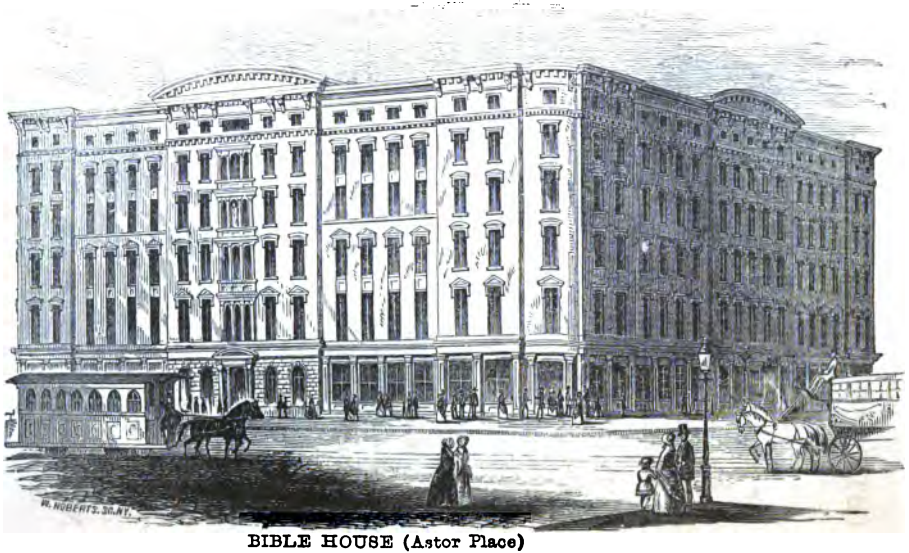
They had rattled away in the stage all day,
Those passengers crowded together,
And some had to fret because it was wet,
And all were quite tired of the weather.

But now shouts of laughter arose from the stage,
All lost their ill-humor in truth,
As they heard that dear boy tell the glorious news,
"Our baby has just got a tooth!"



Ocean steamers
Come and go
Very frequently,
You know.

Once it took
A month, or more,
To cross the sea
From shore to shore.



BIBLE HOUSE (Astor Place)

BIBLE STORIES AND HYMNS.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

"Be strong, and shew thyself a man!"
Said David to his youthful son,
"I die! keep thou the charge from God,
And in his ways and precepts run!"

So David slept—and Solomon
Desired to do just what was right,
And God spoke to him in a dream,
"What shall I give thee? Ask to-night."

"Oh, God," he said, "Thou hast been kind
To place me on king David's throne;
Yet, I am but a little child,
I am not fit to go alone.

"An understanding heart I want,
To guard thine Israel, Lord, from sin—
This mighty people! Teach me, Lord,
How to go out—how to come in."

"Thy choice is good!" the Lord replied,
"An understanding heart I give;
No monarch yet has ever reigned
So well. No king so wise shall live."

"'T is well that thou hast sought this thing,
And hast not asked long life and health,
Riches or honors, — yet I give
To thee and thine abundant wealth!"

"Ask what thou wilt" in prayer, dear child;
God promises to give it thee,
And shouldst thou heavenly wisdom seek,
All other things shall added be.

SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT.

"And all Israel heard of the judgment, and they feared King Solomon, for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him."—KINGS iii: 28.

No King e'er reigned like Solomon,
So good was he and wise;
When distant nations heard his fame,
It filled them with surprise.

And all the people feared to do,
Unjust and wicked things;
They feared the secret he would learn
From God the King of kings.

For they all knew at Gibeon,
God made the heart rejoice,
When in the silence of the night,
He made that happy choice. *

* Kings, 2d chapter.

And asked an understanding heart,—
The wisdom he should need
To guide the people, and that God
Would be his friend indeed.

They knew that God approv'd his choice,
And gave him such a name,
For wisdom and integrity,
That all would hear his fame.

One day a mother came to him,
To claim an only son,
An infant only nine days old,
And thus in tears begun:—

"My lord, O king, behold and see,
This woman by my side!
She had a son the age of mine,
But in the night he died.

"No one was with us in the house,
So she was not afraid
To place her dead child, while I slept,
Where my dear boy was laid.

"And when I woke, at early dawn,
To nurse my little son,
I thought my darling dead, but soon
I saw what she had done."

"It is not so," the woman cried,
"The dead boy let her bring,
That is her child, the living one
Belongs to me, O king!"

"Bring in a sword!" said Solomon,
"Now cut the child in two!
We 'll give the other woman half,
One half belongs to you."

Joyful the wicked woman spoke,
"But half the babe is thine;
O righteous king divide the boy,
And let one half be mine."

Her bowels yearning for her son,
The mother quick replied,
"No, take the living child for thine,
Give me the one that died.

"O king, in pity, spare my boy,
And let him not be slain!
Thy handmaid then will hasten home,
Nor trouble thee again."

"In nowise slay or hurt the babe,"
King Solomon replied,
The *mother's heart* shall plead for her,
Give her the living child!"

SOLOMON'S WISDOM.

And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt."—KINGS iv.

In Solomon's most peaceful reign
What happiness was felt!
Under his vine and fig tree, then,
Each man in safety dwelt.

Israel and Judah lived secure,
In Canaan's fruitful land,
And God enlarged the Monarch's heart,
And made him understand

All wisdom Eastern sages learn'd,
And those of Egypt, too;
Of trees of Lebanon he wrote,-
All living plants he knew.

Of beasts, — of fowl, — of creeping things,
And fish the king could write,
And in his Songs and Proverbs still
All nations take delight.

Silver, and gold, and precious stones,
Were sent him day by day,
And camels laden with rich goods,
From regions far away.

So prosperous a reign as this,
God's people ne'er had known,
And mighty kings oft came to see
The monarch on his throne.

Thus God had said,* "Since thou dost choose
To walk in wisdom's ways,
Thou shalt be rich, and wise, and great,
Before me *all* thy days.

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

"And when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon she came to prove him with hard questions. And she gave the king of gold and of spices a very great store, and precious stones."—KINGS x.

UTTERMOST parts of the earth
Had heard the wondrous fame
Of Solomon's most mighty acts,—
The greatness of his name.

Thence came the Queen of Sheba down
With camels bearing gold,
And precious stones, and spices sweet,—
Their worth has ne'er been told.

Arabian spices — such a store
Was never seen again

*Kings iii: 12

Within the Holy Land as then
The queen brought in her train.

Communing with King Solomon
Of what was in her heart,
With questions hard she led the king
His wisdom to impart.

Then said the queen, "In mine own land
Of thy great name I heard,
The wisdom and prosperity
God had on thee conferred.

'The fame of thy most mighty acts
So filled me with surprise
That I resolved to venture down
And see with mine own eyes,

"And bring a present from the East, —
Spices, and gems, and gold;
O king! I heard a true report,
Yet half has ne'er been told.

"Thrice happy are thy men, great king,
And these thy servants, too,
Who wait before thee all the day,
And see what thou dost do.

"And blessed be the Lord thy God,
Who takes delight in thee;
Because the Lord loved Israel well,
Thy wisdom now they see.

"Then of his royal bounty he
Gave what the queen liked best,
And thus King Solomon dismissed
His pleased and grateful guest.

KING OF TYRE.

"Hiram, King of Tyre, was ever a lover of David."—Kings v.

King Solomon his servant sent
To Hiram, King of Tyre,
To say, "thus saith King David's son
Thy servant doth desire

"To build a temple for the Lord,
And he would buy of thee,
Cedars of Lebanon, and firs,
To be sent down by sea."

And Hiram heard these words, and said,
"My servant shall convey
All thou dost need from Lebanon;
Blessed be the Lord this day!

"David, thy father, was my friend,
I love thy people, too;
And I rejoice that God doth give
Wisdom and grace to you.

"Now, therefore, let us make a league
Of friendship and of peace;
All thou shalt need, I will supply,
Until the work shall cease."

Thousands of men were thus employed,
Sidonians, Tyrians, Jews,
To cut the timber and the stones,
For Solomon to use.

No sound of hammer, axe, or tool,
Around God's house was heard, —
All was prepared in Lebanon,
According to his word.

The temple was magnificent,
Most wondrous to behold!
The ark and house were overlaid
With pure and beaten gold.

And God was pleased, that Solomon
Urged on the work with speed,
He promised still to dwell with him,
And be his friend indeed.

CHRIST'S LOVE.

"Behold thy Son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her to his own home."—JOHN xix.

JESUS, my Lord, when here on earth,
Was always an obedient child,
Yielding his mother filial love,
And ever humble, meek, and mild.

Loving his mother; Jesus sought
A strict obedience to her will,
And when upon the cross he hung,
He loved his tender mother still;

And left her to the watchful care
Of loving John, his dearest friend,
That in that dear disciple's home,
She her remaining days might spend.

My mother, I would yield to thee,
The warm affection of my heart,
Nor ever false or wayward prove,
Or from thy precepts e'er depart.

Help me to serve my mother's God,
And bear his image on my heart!
Then, when these scenes of earth are o'er,
We 'll meet in heaven no more to part.

ON FAITH.

How sweet it is my child,
To live by simple faith,
Just to believe that God will do
Exactly what he saith.

Does faith mean to believe
That God will surely do
Exactly what he says, Mamma,
Just as I know that you

Will give me what I ask,
Because you love me well,
And listen patiently, to hear
Whatever I may tell?

Yes; you may trust in God,
Just as you trust in me;
Believe, dear child, he loves you well,
And will your father be.

For, when you sought his love,
Your Father up in heaven,
Looked kindly down, for Jesus' sake,
And has your sins forgiven.

And now, to pray in faith,
Is simply to believe

That what you ask in Jesus' name,
You surely shall receive.

Go with your simple wants;
And tell him all you need;
Go put your trust in Christ alone,
Such faith is sweet indeed.

BE LIKE JESUS.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

To be like Jesus! O how sweet;
Living on earth as Jesus did —
Never to speak one angry word,
But always do as one is bid.

To be like Jesus! he, dear child,
With God and man in favor grew,
Never was known to tell a lie,
But always spoke just what was true.

To be like Jesus! When, O Lord,
Thou givest a holy heart to me;
Never shall I delight to sin,
But always try to be like thee.

To be like Jesus! pure in thought,
And word, and deed; O help me, Lord,

Never thy Spirit more to grieve,
But always love thy holy Word.

To be like Jesus! O, how sweet!
When I go home to heaven above
Never shall I forget thee more,
But always dwell with thee in love.

SABBATH HYMN.

Little traveller, Zionward
Turn thy willing steps to-day,
Haste thee to the house of God,
Lift thy youthful heart and pray.

May this Sabbath be the best—
Happiest day of all the seven,
Day of sweet and sacred rest,
Emblem of the rest of heaven.

Little pilgrim, keep thy feet
From the devious ways of sin;
Go, where Christians love to meet,
Go, where Jesus oft hath been.

Seek his presence and his love,
On this holy Sabbath day,
Lift thy heart, and voice above,
In his temple praise and pray!

Little lamb, mayest thou be seen
Far from dangerous paths to roam,
In thy shepherd's pastures green—
In his bosom find a home.

Never wander from his side;
Trust thy tender shepherd's love;
He thy wayward steps will guide
Safely to his fold above.

FEED MY LAMBS.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd—he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—ISAIAH xl: 11.

"FORBID them not," the Savior says,
"But suffer them to come,
For children in my arms of love,
There always has been room."

Those who would win the Savior's love,
And be his friend indeed,
Must not neglect the little ones—
These dear lambs they must feed,

And lead them to the quiet streams
Where they may sweetly rest,
Till the Good Shepherd calls them home
And folds them to his breast.

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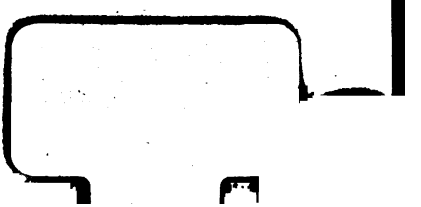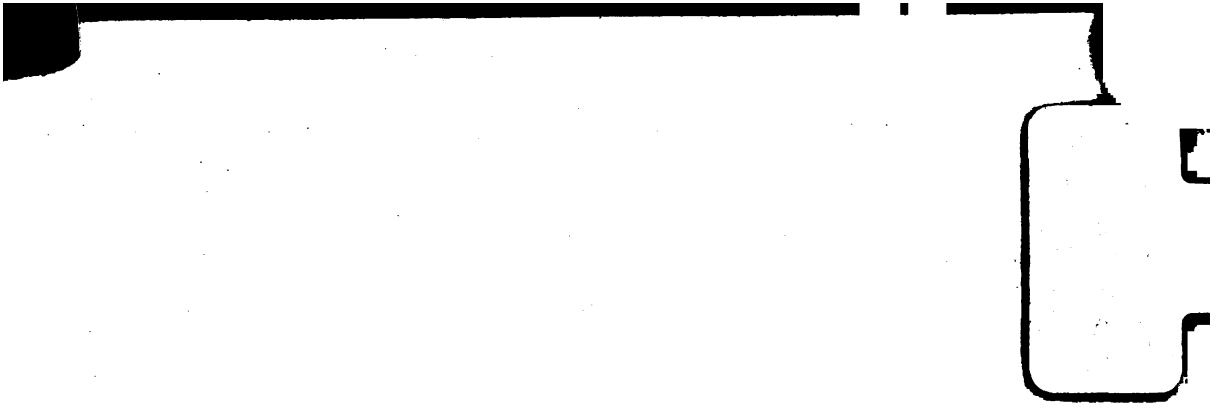
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